"FERRIS BUELLER'S DAY OFF"

By

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Revised Draft

as of 3/25/85

(c) March 3, 1985
Registered WGAW

3/25/85
NEW

"FERRIS BUELLER'S DAY OFF"

BLACK SCREEN

MAIN TITLES

IT'S SILENT. A BEAT AND BLAM! AN EXPLOSION OF SOUND. A HOUSEHOLD IN THE MORNING. KIDS GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL. CLOCK RADIOS. KITCHEN APPLIANCES. SHOWERS. FIGHTING. PEOPLE YELLING. DOG BARKING. CAR HORNS. IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE YOUR HOUSE DID. STREAMS OF ROCK'N ROLL FADE IN AND OUT. HUEY LEWIS TO LIONEL RITCHIE TO HUSKER DU. SURROUND MAKES IT FEEL LIKE YOU'RE IN THE ROOM. AN AURAL TOUR OF A HOUSE ON A SCHOOL MORNING. BEGINING IN THE KITCHEN AND MOVING UPSTAIRS.

FATHER'S VOICE (TOM)
Where's my wallet!?

SEVEN YEAR OLD BOY (TODD)
YOU IDIOT!!

TWELVE YEAR OLD GIRL (KIMBERLY)
MOM!

TODD
SHUT-UP!

EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL (JEANIE)
I NEED A TOWEL!!

TOM
JOYCE!

KIMBERLY
(whispers, sadistic)
When you turn ten, your head's going to swell up as big as a watermelon and we're going to have to put you to sleep like a dog.

TODD
MOM!

TOM
JOYCE!!

JEANIE
WHO PISSED ON THE TOILET SEAT!? MOTHER!!

TOM
Where's Mom?

TODD
Is my head going to swell up?

TOM
What?!

JEANIE
OH, MY GOD! THE TOILET PAPER'S ALL WET!!!

MOTHER (JOYCE)
(screams)
TOM!

The house falls dead SILENT. We hear footsteps thundering through the house. A TENSE STRAIN OF MUSIC FADES UP. We hear the sound of Tom's footsteps running through the kitchen, down the hall, up the stairs, up the hallway. A door opens.

TOM
(breathless)
What's the matter?

JOYCE
(worried)
It's Ferris!

TOM
What's wrong?

JOYCE
(snaps)
What's wrong? For Christ's sake! Look at him!

CLOSE-UP. BOY

The face of FERRIS BUELLER, a seventeen year old boy. He's staring lifelessly at CAMERA. His mouth's open. His eyes are bugged-out. His tongue is fat and dry in his mouth. He's laying in bed, on his side.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM

Ferris' parents, TOM and JOYCE BUELLER are standing at bedside. They're in their forties. Handsome, upper-middle class parents. They're both dressed for work.

TOM
Ferris?

JOYCE
He doesn't have a fever. But he says his stomach hurts and he's seeing spots.

CLOSE-UP. FERRIS

His lifeless eyes blink.

INT. BEDROOM. PARENTS

Tom bends down and touches Ferris' forehead.

JOYCE
Feel his hands. They're cold and clammy.

Tom takes one of Ferris' hands.

TOM
(discreetly)
Should you call the doctor?

JOYCE
(whispers)
He doesn't want me to.

TOM
Why don't you want Mom to call the doctor, pal?

FERRIS
(raspy)
Don't make a fuss. I'm fine. I'll get up.

He starts to get up. Joyce gently pushes him back down.

FERRIS
I have a test today. I have to take it. I want to get into a good college so I can have a successful life...

JOYCE
You're not going to school like this.
(to Tom)
Maybe I should call the office and tell them I won't be in.

FERRIS
I'm okay, Mom. I feel perfectly...

He's gripped by a seizure. His body stiffens and he chokes. His older sister, JEANIE, walks into the room. She's dressed for school. She's cute and stuck-up. A major pill.

JEAN
What's his problem?

JOYCE
He doesn't feel well.

JEAN
Yeah, right. Dry that one out and you can fertilize the lawn.

TOM
That's enough, Jeanie.

JEANIE
You're not falling for this, are you?

FERRIS
Is that Jeanie? I can't see that far. Jeanie?

JEANIE
Park it, Ferris.

JOYCE
(annoyed)
Thank you, Jeanie. Get to school.

JEANIE
(angry, defeated)
You're really letting him stay home? I can't believe this. If I was bleeding out my eyes, you guys'd make me go to school. It's so unfair.

FERRIS
Please don't be upset with me, Jeanie. Be thankful that you're fit and well.

JEANIE
Oh, I wanna puke.

Jeanie groans with disgust and exits. Ferris' brother, TODD and sister, KIMBERLY peek into the room.

KIMBERLY
Heart attack?

JOYCE
Get your stuff. Daddy'll be right down.

KIMBERLY
Brain tumor?

KIMBERLY
If he dies, I got dibs on his setero.

TOM
Go!

TODD
(worried)
Dad? Does my head look alright?

JOYCE
Get downstairs! Now!

TODD
(fast)
Just answer me one question! Is it swelling up?

KIMBERLY
Yes.

TODD
Shut-up!

JOYCE
Downstairs! NOW! NOW! NOW!

Todd and Kimberly slip out of the door.

FERRIS
I'll be okay. I'll just sleep. Maybe I'll have an aspirin around noon.

JOYCE
(to Ferris)
I'll call you as soon as I get to work.
(corrects herself)
No, wait. I have a meeting.
(makes a face)
Those odd people from Los Angeles. I'll call you at eleven. If you need me, call and have Donna put you through. I'm five minutes away.

FERRIS
It's nice to know I have such loving, caring parents. You're both very special people.

TOM
If you can't get Mom call me. Okay, pal?

MCU. FERRIS

He acknowledges Tom with a pathetic flutter of his eyelids.

INT. BEDROOM. JOYCE

She strokes Ferris' hair.

JOYCE
I hope you feel better, pumpkin.

She leans down and kisses his forehead. Tom pats his shoulder.

TOM
Get some rest.

MCU. FERRIS

Ferris lets out a wheeze. His glassy eyes follow his parents to the door.

JOYCE (OC)
We love you, sweetie.

TOM (OC)
Call if you need us.

They close the door. The lock clicks. Ferris' eyes shift from the door to CAMERA. A sly, little smile crawls across his lips.

FERRIS
They bought it.

The MTV theme music ROARS IN.

CU. TV SCREEN

The TV at the foot of Ferris' bed. The MTV logo is playing.

INT. BEDROOM

Ferris yanks open the drapes.

FERRIS
It's incredible. One of my very worst performances and they never doubted it for a second. I played it so rank. I'm ashamed of myself.

He flips on his stereo and fills the room with the MTV broadcast. A NEW SONG begins. He equalizes the sound a little.

FERRIS
This is my ninth sick day this semseter. It's getting tough coming up with these new illnesses. If I go for ten days off, I'm probably going to have to barf up a lung. So, I better make this one count.

He exits into the hallway.

INT. BATHROOM

Ferris walks into the bathroom. It's littered with Jean's debris. He picks up an eyelash curler.

FERRIS
(aside)
Is this really necessary?

He flips the curler back onto the vanity and turns on the shower water.

FERRIS
The key to my pulling off the sick routine was the clammy hands. Very key. It was physical evidence of illness. I've tried fever simulations, reflex gagging, egg white runny nose...
(aside)
Very messy. I do not recommend.
(continues)
But I've found that the cold, clammy palms has the most immediate impact. It's a subtle touch and one that's not readily disputed.

He bends down OUT OF FRAME as he loses his briefs. He pops up.

FERRIS
All you do is fake a severe stomach cramp. When you're in your tuck position, lick your palms. It's childish and stupid, for sure, but it's also highly effective.

He steps into the shower.

INT. BATHROOM. SHOWER DOOR

Through the pebbled glass we see Ferris' outline.

FERRIS
(talking over the shower)
I don't care if you're fifty or five, everybody needs a day off once in awhile. It's a beautiful day. How can I be expected to handle high school?

INT. BATHROOM. SHOWER STALL

Inside the shower. Ferris' hair is standing straight-up. Moulded into a fin with shampoo.

FERRIS
(pause)
I do actually have a test. That wasn't bullshit.
(pause)
That I care about it was.

He dunks his head in the shower spray.

FERRIS
It's on European socialism.

He takes the shower nozzle of it's attachment and holds it.

FERRIS
I mean, really. What's the point? I'm not European. I don't plan to be European. So, who gives a shit if they're socialist? They could be fascist anarchists and it still wouldn't change the fact that I don't own a car.

He turns the shower head around and uses it like a microphone.

FERRIS
(sings)
THIS AIN'T NO PARTY
THIS AIN'T NO DISCO
THIS AIN'T NO FOOLIN' AROUND...

INT. HALLWAY. LATER

Ferris comes out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist. He's drying his hair with another of a different color.

FERRIS
Not that I condone fascism. Or any "isms". "Isms", in my opinion are not good. A person should not believe in an "ism". He should believe in himself. John Lennon said in that song, "I don't believe in Beatles, I just believe in me." A good point there. Afterall, he was the Walrus.

He opens a linen closet and tosses the towel in it.

FERRIS
I could be the Walrus and I'd still have to bum rides off people.

He passes CAMERA and goes into his room.

FERRIS (OC)
I'm not very political? So?

INT. BEDROOM

Ferris tosses the towel he's dried hair with on the bed.

FERRIS
My uncle went to Canada to protest the war, right? On the Fourth of July he was down with my aunt and he got drunk and told my Dad he felt guilty he didn't fight in Viet Nam.
(pause)
Check it out. So I said, "What's the deal, Uncle Jeff? It took you twenty years to find out you don't believe in anything?"
(snaps his fingers)
Grounded. Just like that. Two weeks. Blam! Be careful when you deal with old hippies. They can be real touchy.

He opens his closet.

INT. CLOSET

The doors open and Ferris rifles through his shirts.

FERRIS
I didn't buy Mick Jagger's solo album. I borrowed my Mom's copy and taped it. Is that weird? She was into the Beatles, Cream, Hendrix, the Yardbirds. Hip shit.

He spearates the clothes to reveal himself.

FERRIS
What happened? How did she get so old?

INT. BEDROOM. CLOSET

He finds a shirt he likes. He turns from the clothes into the room. He slips on the shirt.

FERRIS
If she listens to the White Album now? She doesn't hear music, she hears memories. It'll probably happen to me too. I hope not.

He drops the towel.

INT. BEDROOM

He walks across the room to his dresser. He opens his underwear drawer. There's an old model of a submarine on the top of the dresser. He picks it up.

FERRIS
In eighth grade a friend of mine made a bong out of one of these. The smoke tasted like glue.

He pulls out a pair of underwear. He gets dressed as he speaks.

FERRIS
His name was Garth Volbeck. Nice name, huh? Not a bad guy. Heavy scourge. I like him. I'm probably his only friend. I do what I can for him. I mean, if I was him, I'd appreciate it. Do unto other's right? Anyway, his mother owns a gas station. His father's dead and his sister's rumored to be a prostitute, which is bullshit. She puts out so people will hang-out with her. It's sad but I don't hold it against her. Better to hold it against the guys that use her and don't care about her. My parents never allowed Garth over here. It was because of his family. Mainly his older brother. He's in jail. I could see them not wanting his brother here because the guy's a registered psycho. But Garth isn't his brother. Like it's his fault that his brother's screwed-up. Lots of fights with the parents on that one.

FERRRIS (CONT'D)
I always felt for Garth. I was sleeping at his house once and it's dark and we're in bed and I'm worrying that his brother's going to come and murder me and I hear him crying. I ask him what's wrong and he says, "nothing". Nothing was wrong. He just cried himself to sleep every night. It's a habit with him. The guy is so conditioned to grief that if he doesn't feel it, he can't sleep. How could you possibly dump on a guy that has to deal with that kind of situation? My parents acknowledge the tragedy of it and I'm sure they do feel for him but still the guy's banned.

He looks at himself in the mirror on the back of his closet door. He continues as he disrobes.

FERRIS
Unfortunately, now my parents have a legit arguement. Garth doesn't need his brother to give him a rep anymore. He's getting one on his own. He's lost. It's over for him. He's eighteen. Gone from school. Gone from life. His legacy is a gas station.

INT. HOUSE. STAIRCASE

Ferris comes down the stairs. He's wearing sweatpants and a General Public t-shirt.

FERRIS
One very serious danger in playing sick is that it's possible to believe your own act.

INT. KITCHEN

Ferris comes into the kitchen and crosses to the refrigerator.

FERRIS
That and boredom. Alot of people ditch and feel great for about an hour. Then they realize there's nothing to do. Eat and watch TV. I myself have ditched and gotten so bored I did homework.
Figure that shit out.

He takes a sip out of a bottle of orange juice.

FERRIS
You have to plan things out before you take the day off. Otherwise you sweat-up your balls worrying about what to do and all you get is grief and the whole point is to take it easy, cut loose and enjoy. Right?

He crosses to the pantry.

FERRIS
Another very important consideration, if you don't lay out your day properly, is that at about three o'clock, when everybody's out of school, you're going to wish you'd gone to school so you could be out having fun. Avoid the misery. Plan your day. Do it right.

He emerges from the pantry with a handful of Oreos.

FERRIS
Anybody who says high school is fun isn't in high school. Or they're from another country. It's true. My mother remembers high school as a full-blown party. It wasn't I've seen her pictures. She was a skag. She's just forgotten the bad parts.

INT. FAMILY ROOM

Ferris walks in and flops down in an armchair.

FERRIS
I'm physically mature, I got a few mental deals to swing but I'm reasonably mature in the head. Last summer I haunted several bars and I didn't have ID. I consider myself a citizen. So, it's a drag when I'm walking down a hallway and somebody asks where I'm going. I'm going down the hall. What's the big deal? I'm going down the hall, right? A reasonable answer to a fairly <u>obvious</u> question. Bam! Detention.

He reaches over and picks up the telephone. He sets it in his lap.

FERRIS
That's just one reason why I need a day off every now and then.

CU. PHONE

He punches out a number.

INT. FAMILY ROOM. FERRIS

He remote controls the TV on.

FERRIS
I also loathe gym. It's the only subject a person can take in school where odor is a key element. Think about it.

EXT. ANOTHER HOUSE

A sleek, modern house on a couple of deeply wooded acres. A prime house in a prime location. A telephone rings OVER.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM

It's a dark, dreary sick room. Shades drawn, floor strewn with tissues, nightstand a still-life of over-the-counter remedies. A high school boy, CAMERON FRYE, is laying in bed. Soft heavy metal's playing. His phone's ringing. He rolls over and answers it. We don't see his face.

CAMERON
(weak)
Yo.

INT. FERRIS' HOUSE

Ferris is on the other phone.

FERRIS
Cameron? What's going on?

CAMERON'S VOICE
Nix.

FERRIS
How do you feel?

CAMERON'S VOICE
Shredded.

FERRIS
Is your mother in the room?

INT. CAMERON'S ROOM

He sits up in bed.

CAMERON
She's still in Peoria at my aunt's. She'll be home tonight. Unfortunately, she's not staying permanently. Where're you?

FERRIS' VOICE
I'm at my house.

CAMERON
Why?

INT. FERRIS' FAMILY ROOM. FERRIS

He readjusts his position in the chair.

FERRIS
I'm taking the day off. Get dressed and come over.

CAMERON'S VOICE
I can't. I'm sick.

FERRIS
It's all in your head. Come on over.

INT. CAMERON'S ROOM

Cameron's insists that he's too ill to travel.

CAMERON
I feel like complete shit, Ferris. I can't go anywhere.

FERRIS' VOICE
I'm sorry to hear that.
(pause)
Now, come on over and pick me up.

Ferris disconnects. Cameron slowly hangs up the phone.

CAMERON
I'm dying.

The phone rings again. Cameron answers the phone.

FERRIS' VOICE
You're not dying. You just can't think of anything good to do.

INT. FERRIS' FAMILY ROOM

Ferris hangs up.

FERRIS
If anybody needs a day off, it's Cameron. He has alot of things to sort out before he graduates. He can't be wound this tight and go to college. His roommate'll kill him. I've come close myself. But I like him. He's a little easier to take when you know why he's like he is. The boy cannot relax. Pardon my French but Cameron is so tight that if you stuck a lump of coal up his ass, in two weeks you'd have a diamond.
(after-thought)
And Cameron would worry that he'd owe taxes on it.

INT. CLASSROOM. EMPTY DESK

Tight on the desk. We see legs and portions of students sitting nearby.

TEACHER'S VOICE
Albers?

BOY'S VOICE
Here.

TEACHER'S VOICE
Becker?

GIRL'S VOICE
Here.

TEACHER'S VOICE
Bueller?

A long pause.

GIRL'S VOICE
He's sick.

TEACHER'S VOICE
Sick?

GIRL'S VOICE
My best friend's sister's boyfriend's brother's girlfriend heard from this guy who knows this kid she's going with a girl who talked to a guy who saw Ferris keel-over at 31 Flavors last night. I guess it's pretty serious.

TEACHER'S VOICE
(weary)
Thank you, Simone.

GIRL'S VOICE
(cheery)
Oh, no problem.

TEACHER'S VOICE
Drucker?

BOY'S VOICE
What?

WOUND-OUT CAR ENGINES POUR IN.

CU. TV

THE ROAD WARRIOR is playing on video cassette. The big chase at the end.

INT. FAMILY ROOM. FERRIS

He's sitting in a recliner chair pretending it's Humongous' war wagon. He's wearing a hockey mask. He's steering an invisable wheel and pretending the recliner lever's a gear shift. He reaches down and grabs an imaginary nitrous oxide valve.

CU. TV

Humongous reaches down and grabs a real nitrous oxide valve. He gives it a twist.

CU. FERRIS

He throws himself back against the chair.

CU. TV

The force of the rapid acceleration of his vehicle throws Humongous back in his seat.

CU. FERRIS

He bounces himself in the chair to simulate the bumpy high speed ride.

CU. TV

The war wagon roars down the road.

CU. FERRIS

He rears back in horror.

CU. TV

The war wagon is hurtling into a head-on collision with the tanker truck.

CU. FERRIS

Arms outstretched, head thrown back, braced for collision.

CU. TV

IMPACT!

MOZART COMES UP.

CU. FLOWERING TREE BRANCH

Outside a bedroom window. A flowering crabtree branch. A glimpse of blue sky and white puffs of cloud. Petite pink flowers. WE PULL BACK FROM THE WINDOW INTO THE ROOM. It's Jeanie's room. A pink and powder blue pig pen. Clothes everywhere, make-up, books, records. Ferris is sitting on her bed going through a purse. He finds a folded piece of notebook paper. He examines it.

CU. PAPER

It's a note from a friend:

I THINK I'M PREGNANT.

CU. FERRIS

He raises an eyebrow.

FERRIS
They never sign anything important.

He refolds the message and returns it to the purse.

FERRIS
Without a signature, it has absolutely no market value. It's a damn shame.

He continues to rifle through the purse.

FERRIS
This is really degrading.

He comes up with a crumpled dollar bill.

FERRIS
Financing my activities this way. Very damaging to the self-image. But, hey, I'm broke. And it's much better than having a job.

He comes up with a five.

FERRIS
Regardless of how much shit sisters make you eat, how often they rat on you, how gross they act or how wicked and insensitive they can be, you should not alientate them. Because the usually have money and it's always easy to get your hands on.

He holds up a twenty and snaps it. A VERSION OF "MONEY" COMES UI.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The song plays as Ferris digs through the sofa cushions.

CU. SOFA

Ferris extracts a sticky quarter from a crevice.

INT. PARENTS' BEDROOM

Ferris is going through his father's pants pockets. Another crumpled bill surfaces.

CU. WASHING MACHINE TOP

A couple of stiff, hard, bleached singles that have gone through the wash lay on top of the washer. A hand scoops them up.

CU. LUCITE ENCASED PROOF SET

An obvious gift from a grandparent. A U.S. Mint proof set. A ten, a five and a single enclosed in a lucite frame. A screwdriver tip wedges between the two pieces of Lucite and pops them apart. A hand peels the bills off the backing.

CU. KITCHEN DRAWER

Hands ripping through the kitchen junk drawer. Locating a dollar bill.

CU. COIN COLLECTION

The familiar blue collector's album. One-by-one, the quarters are being popped out of their slots.

CU. VACCUUM CLEANER

The dusty, dirty contents of the bag are emptied on the floor. Fingers pick a dime out of a matted wad of filth.

CU. SNOOPY BANK

It's being shaken furiously.

CU. BIRTHDAY CARD

It's a child's card. It's slowly opened to reveal a crisp, new five.

INT. FAMILY ROOM

Ferris pulls the couch away from the wall to search behind for money. Failing, he pushes it back and crosses to a credenza. He pushes it away from the wall. He reaches behind and comes up with a coin.

INT. HALL CLOSET

The door opens and Ferris thrusts his hands into the pockets of the coats. He comes up with a ball of Kleenex. A roll of Tums. A squirt gun. Then a modest wad of bills. His face lights up as he counts out the cash. He closes the door.

CU. FLOOR AND BED

Ferris' face appears between the bed and the floor. His arm reaches out for a small metal bank hidden under the bed.

INT. BEDROOM

Ferris stands up with the safe. He rattles it to confirm that it contains something. He tries the little combination lock.

CU. BANK

It's on a work bench. An awl is driven in between the door and the jamb. It pries the door open. Inside are trading cards, a charred doll's head, a Zippo lighter and, finally, a five dollar bill.

INT. KITCHEN

Ferris is on his hands and knees under the kitchen table.

CU. TABLE LEG

Ferris lifts the leg and removes a quarter that's been used to balance the table.

INT. KITCHEN

Ferris stands up and pockets the quarter.

CU. FERRIS' BED

A shower of coins and bills rains down on the sheets. The SONG ENDS.

EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE. MORNING

A suburban realty company. A cute little building in town.

INT. OFFICE

Joyce is behind a desk. Across from her are two WOMEN. They're also real estate agents.

JOYCE
No one's going to consider a house with an orange living room. Certainly not someone from Los Angeles. Let's be realistic.

AGENT 1
Mrs. Volbeck's dead set against putting any money into the house.

JOYCE
Tell her if she wants to sell it, she'll have to paint it. No if's and's or but's.

Her phone intercom buzzes.

JOYCE
Excuse me for one second.

She punches a phone button.

JOYCE
Joyce Bueller.

Her eyes open wide with alarm.

JOYCE
Oh, my God. I'm so sorry. I completely forgot to call.

MAN'S VOICE
Are you aware that your son is not at school today?

JOYCE
Yes. Ferris is home sick. I had a meeting first thing this morning...

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL

A modern, concrete structure.

MAN'S VOICE
Are you also aware that Ferris absent does not have what we consider a satisfactory attendance record?

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

A portly middled-aged man, ED ROONEY, is sitting behind his desk.

ROONEY
I just had his file up.

CU. COMPUTER MONITOR

The monitor on Rooney's desk displays Ferris' records.

ROONEY'S VOICE
So far this semester alone, he's been absent nine times.

Under DAYS MISSED we see a number 9 suddenly change to a number 2.

INT. OFFICE

Rooney turns to the monitor. He reads off the screen.

ROONEY
I have it right in front of me. He's missed...

He looks closer at the screen.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

Ferris is at his Macintosh computer. He has his records up on the screen.

FERRIS
I don't know shit about computers. The whole area of computer science is a little lame for me. I gave a computer geek some Prince tickets. Totally shit seats. Upper deck, behind a pole. I think they were for blind kids or something. I gave him the tickets and he fixed up my stuff so I can do some reasonably useful things with it. I'm not talking about intercontinental chess games or recipe filing. The hardware came from my Dad. He bought it for me for me birthday.
(aside)
I wanted a car. I got a computer. How's that for being born under a bad sign?
(continues)
Actually, old Thomas bought it for himself but justified it by convincing himself and Joyce that I needed computer skills to survive into the next century. Completely undiluted bullshit.

INT. JOYCE'S OFFICE

She's still on the phone with Rooney. She's a little hot.

JOYCE
I can give you every assurance that Ferris is home and that he is, in fact, very ill. I debated whether or not I should even leave him. I can appreciate that at this time of year children are prone to taking the day off, but in Ferris' case, he's truly ill.

INT. FERRIS' BEDROOM

MUSIC BLASTS. SOLO GUITAR.

CU. SPEAKER

The grille cloth is throbbing.

CU. LED METERS

The meters on the amplifier are locked in the danger zone.

CU. TV MONITOR

We see Ferris in his room playing a guitar.

CU. VIDEO CAMERA

A home video camera is capturing Ferris on tape.

INT. CAMERON'S ROOM

He's sitting on the edge of the bed buttoning his shirt. He sighs deeply and falls back on the bed.

INT. SCHOOL. HALLWAY

Jeanie is at her locker during a passing period. A girlfriend, TRISH, comes up to her.

TRISH
I'm really sorry about your brother.

JEANIE
You're sorry? I have to live with the mojo.

TRISH
No, I mean I heard he's really sick.

JEANIE
Who said he's sick?

TRISH
A whole bunch of people.

Jeanie stares incredulously at Trish.

TRISH
They said he's like on the verge of death.

JEANIE
Possibly. But not from illness.

She kicks her locker shut.

TRISH
He told this guy in my biology class that if he dies he's giving his eyes to Stevie Wonder.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

He's in bed on the phone.

FERRIS
A sample of my blood was sent to Atlanta to the Center for Disease Control. I don't know, man, I'm bricking heavily.
(points to the phone)
Freshman.
(to the phone)
Did you see Alien? When the guy had the thing in his stomach? It feels like that.

INT. SCHOOL. HALLWAY

A FRESHMAN BOY is on the pay phone. A couple of his BUDDIES are standing at his side waiting anxiously for news.

BOY
Goddamn! Are you kidding?

SECOND BOY
What?

BOY
(to Second Boy)
Did you see Alien?

SECOND BOY
No.

BOY
Oh. He's really wasted.

SECOND BOY
(to the third boy)
Who's he talking to?

THIRD BOY
Ferris Bueller. You know him?

SECOND BOY
(excited)
Yeah. He's getting me out of summer school.

BOY
(to Ferris)
Anyway, I appreciate you letting us know how you're doing. We gotta split.
(pause)
Huh?...Yeah, sure. Hold on.

SECOND BOY
(to Third Boy)
Shit. I hope he doesn't die.
I can't handle summer school.

The boy snatches a passing GIRL.

BOY
Did you see Alien?

GIRL
Yeah, why?

He hands her the phone.

GIRL
Hello?
(pause)
Who?
(pause)
Hi, Ferris. How's your bod?
(jaw drops)
Oh, my God! You're dying?
Is it serious?
(pause)
Shiit! Are you upset?

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

Rooney's comparing his computer monitor to hard copy. His SECRETARY is standing over his shoulder.

ROONEY
I don't trust this kid any further
than I can throw him!

SECRETARY
With your bad knee, you better
not throw anybody, Ed.

ROONEY
What's so dangerous about a character
like Ferris Bueller is that he gives
good kids bad ideas. The last thing
I need at this point in my career is
fifteen hundred Ferris Bueller disciples
running around these halls.

SECRETARY
He's very popular, Ed. Sportos, motorheads,
geeks, sluts, pinheads, dweebies, wonkers,
richies, they all adore him.

ROONEY
That's exactly why I have to catch him this time. To show these kids that the example he sets is a first class ticket to nowhere.

SECRETARY
(impressed)
Ooo. You sounded like Matt Houston just now.

Rooney looks up at her with a proud grin.

ROONEY
Really?

EXT. FERRIS' HOUSE

It's a glorious, late spring day. A florist's truck drives past the house.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

He's on the telephone. As he speaks he does a little MacPainting on his MacIntosh. A reclining nude.

FERRIS
Cameron, if you're not over here in fifteen minutes, you can find a new best friend. I'm serious, man. This is bullshit, wasting time like this.

INT. CAMERON'S ROOM

Cameron's back in bed.

CAMERON
I'm sick. I feel like shit. Why can't you leave me alone?

FERRIS' VOICE
Because that's a lame excuse, Cameron.

CAMERON
Lame? It's not lame. It's true.

FERRIS' VOICE
You're not up for some good times? It's a beautiful day. It's almost summer. If this was Hawaii, we'd be surfing.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

He's growing weary of Cameron's wimpishness.

FERRIS
You want to stay home and <u>try</u> to have the shits? <u>Try</u> to barf? <u>Try</u> to feel worse?

CAMERON'S VOICE
I don't have to try.

FERRIS
Be a man. Take some Pepto Bismol and get dressed. You're boring me with this stuff.

The other phone line rings.

FERRIS
Squeeze your buns for a second. I got another call.

He puts Cameron on hold. He clears his throat and answers the second line. He sounds like he's on his last breath.

FERRIS
H--hell-o?

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING. DOWNTOWN

A LaSalle Street office tower.

TOM'S VOICE
Ferris?

INT. TOM'S OFFICE

He's behind his desk. Nice office. Two windows. Herman Miller desk and chair.

TOM
You sound miserable.

FERRIS' VOICE
Really?

TOM
Were you sleeping?

FERRIS' VOICE
I was trying to do some homework.

CU. COMPUTER MONITOR

A closer view of the drawing Ferris is making.

FERRIS (OC)
I'm so worried about falling behind.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

He leans back from the monitor and sips a Coke.

FERRIS
Dad? Can you hold on a seccnd?

TOM'S VOICE
Sure, pal. Are you alright?

FERRIS
Just a little phlegm on the phone. Hold on.

He puts his father on hold.

FERRIS
Cameron? It's my Dad.

CAMERON'S VOICE
Oh, that's just great.

FERRIS
It's completely cool. He's just checking up on me. Now, listen to me. I'm working on getting some heavy bucks out of him. So, the least you can do is hurry up and get over here. Bye.

He disconnects and gets his father back.

FERRIS
Sorry, Dad. The moment before you called, I had a chest spasm and I blew lung fluid all over the darn place. It was making me ill looking at it. But gee, it's sure great of you to call. I'm sure there're alot of fathers who wouldn't take time out from their busy schedules to call a dumb, sick teenager.

TOM'S VOICE
Hey, pal, what was I supposed to do?

Ferris reaches out and hits a key on his computer. The screen dumps the drawing.

FERRIS
Give yourself some credit, Dad. It was a mammoth gesture. It's like those savings bonds you used to give me every Christmas.
(looks at CAMERA and smiles)
It was that kind of concern.

CU. COMPUTER SCREEN

A message is flashing: "TRANSMITTING DATA".

TOM'S VOICE
Again, what's a father supposed to do?

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

He turns away from the computer and puts his feet up on the desk. He lights a cigarette.

FERRIS
You had to work hard for the money to buy those things, right?

TOM'S VOICE
Not any harder than anybody else.

Ferris mouths Tom's words as he says them.

EXT. DOWNTOWN EXPRESSWAY. ELECTRONIC BILLBOARD. SAME TIME

Ferris' nasty drawing suddenly appears on the billboard. O.C. tires screech and squeal as drivers see the picture.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

He blows a smoke ring.

FERRIS
You work so hard I'll bet you don't even remember where those bonds are, right?

Ferris points a finger in the air as a cue to his father.

TOM'S VOICE
Wrong.

FERRIS
Oh, yeah? You're pulling my leg. You're just trying to cheer me up.

TOM'S VOICE
Like hell I am. They're in a shoebox in my closet.

Ferris smiles. He looks at CAMERA. He's gotten exactly what he wants.

FERRIS
(to CAMERA, normal voice)
Was that a class move or what? The guy gave it up faster than a drunk Catholic girl. I hope my kids don't pull this shit on me.
(thinks)
Of course, if they didn't, they'd be slow and abnormal and they'd probably never move out of my house and I'd have to support them until I die. I take it back.
(to the phone, sick voice)
Dad? All this talking has made me kind of light-headed. I think I better lie down.

TOM'S VOICE
Okay, pal. You take care. I'll call you after lunch.

FERRIS
You don't have to, Dad.

TOM'S VOICE
I want to. Bye now.

He hangs up. Ferris sighs.

FERRIS
You win some, you lose some.

He turns his desk chair around and gets up.

FERRIS
I'm so disappointed in Cameron. Twenty bucks says he's sitting in his car debating about whether or not he should go out because he's worried about getting caught. Twenty bucks.

INT. CAR. CAMERON

He's sitting behind the wheel of his car. We see his face for the first time. It's young, innocent and worried.

CAMERON
We're gonna get caught. No doubt about it.

He cuts the engine.

CAMERON
I'm not doing it.

He sits for half a beat.

CAMERON
He'll keep calling until I come over.

He sighs and restarts the engine. Another beat.

CAMERON
Actually, what'll happen is I'll get caught. Ferris'll escape.

Another beat. He stops the engine. A CRASH OF HORROR MUSIC.

CU. DRESSER DRAWER

Hands curl around the drawer pulls. The drawer is opened slowly, ominously. The hands lift a sweater out. A HERALDIC STING as we see a PLAYBOY beneath the sweater.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

He takes out the magazine. He leafs through the pages for the pictorials as he speaks.

FERRIS
Cameron'll go on like that for a good thirty minutes. The guy is a shellfish when it comes to making a decision. The reason he doesn't feel good is, he worries about everything. He's the only guy I know who is deeply concerned that when he grows up there'll be a critical shortage of strategic metals.

He exits his room.

INT. HALLWAY

Ferris comes out of his room and heads down the hallway.

FERRIS
Cameron's also the only guy I know who knows what strategic metals are.

FERRIS (CONT'D)
Cameron's a certifiable genius but at the same time he's a four star butthole. But I like him.
(waves the magazine)
Pardon moi.

He goes into the bathroom. We HEAR THE TOILET SEAT SLAM DOWN.

FERRIS
(sings)
DIG IF YOU WILL MY MOTHER,
SHE'S NEVER SATISFIED...

INT. CLASSROOM. LATER

A stunningly beautiful girl, SLOANE PETERSON, is sitting at her desk in the middle of a history class. She's staring out the window as a teacher delivers a dry, dusty lecture.

TEACHER
Roosevelt's health had seriously deteriorated by the time he met with Churchill and Stalin at Yalta.
(sneezes)
Pardon me.

The classroom door opens and the school NURSE walks in. She's in her mid-forties. White uniform, lasquered bubble hair-do, tremendous bust and hips, squeaky ripple sole shoes. For a moment, the teacher thinks she's come in because she heard him sneeze. She crosses to him and whispers in his ear.

SLOANE

She, like the others, watches the nurse curiously.

INT. CLASSROOM. TEACHER AND NURSE

The teacher's face drops as he's delivered an obvious piece of disturbing news. He nods grimly to the Nurse. She looks at the kids.

NURSE
Sloane Peterson?

SLOANE

She sits up in her seat, cautious and guarded.

NURSE

She's a picture of compassion and understanding.

NURSE
May I see you outside for a moment? There's been an emergency.

SLOANE

A smile curls across her lips. As she gathers her books she looks to the GIRL next to her.

SLOANE
(whispers)
Dead grandmother.

The smiles knowingly. REcognition that Sloane is escaping.

INT. HALLWAY

The Nurse is gently holding Sloane's hands.

NURSE
(nods solemnly)
Dead grandmother.

CU. ROONEY

He has a suspicious look on his face.

ROONEY
Dead grandmother?

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

Rooney's at his desk. His secretary is standing across from him.

SECRETARY
That's what Mr. Peterson said. I had Florence Sparrow notify Sloane.

ROONEY
Who's this girl's going with?

SECRETARY
It's so hard to tell these days. I see her alot with Ferris Bueller.

Rooney nods.

ROONEY
Could you get me Mr. Peterson's daytime number?

As the secretary starts out of the room, Rooney's phone rings. She stops and answers the desk phone.

SECRETARY
Edward Rooney's office.
(pause)
Yes? Can you hold? Thank you.

She puts the phone on hold.

SECRETARY
It's Mr. Peterson.

Rooney is surprised by the coincidence. He thinks for a beat then reaches for the phone.

SECRETARY
Do you still want his number?

Rooney answers her with an annoyed look. She smiles, realizing how dumb her question was. She backs out. He punches the phone button.

ROONEY
Ed Rooney.

MAN'S VOICE
Ed? This is George Peterson.

ROONEY
How are you today, sir?

MAN'S VOICE
We've had a bit of bad luck this morning, as you may have heard.

Rooney rolls his eyes. It's so obvious it's not Mr. Peterson.

ROONEY
I heard and as far as I'm concerned, bub, you can just kiss my big, old hairy ass.

CU. SECRETARY

She stops cold in the doorway. She turns in horror.

CU. ROONEY

He smiles and covers the phone with his hand.

ROONEY
(whispers)
It's Ferris Bueller. Nervy litttle punk. I'm gonna set a trap and let him walk right into it!

CU. PHONE

Rooney's other line rings.

INT. SECRETARY'S OFFICE

She steps out of Rooney's office and picks up the call.

SECRETARY
Ed Rooney's office.

Her jaw drops.

SECRETARY
Hold, please.

She puts the call on hold and hangs up. She hurries into Rooney's office.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

Rooney's chewing out the person on the other line.

ROONEY
I'll be happy to release Sloane but not until you produce a corpse. I want to see, first-hand, this dead grandmother. I'm sorry but it's school policy.

The secretary comes in. She's waving her arms furiously. Rooney tries to wave her away. He's angry. She stomps her foot. Rooney covers the phone.

ROONEY
What!?

SECRETARY
Ferris Bueller's on line two.

Rooney's face freezes. He stares at her. He cocks his head. He's made a terrible mistake.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

He's slipping on his pants. The phone's cradled against his shoulder. He speaks in the same voice he used on his father.

FERRIS
(sick voice)
Mr. Rooney? I'm sorry to disturb you at work but I was wondering if it would be possible for my sister to bring home any assignments from my classes that I may need.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE. ROONEY

He's dumbfounded that he's actually speaking with Ferris. He looks at the phone.

HIS POV. CU. PHONE

The first line is blinking as the call holds.

INT. FERRIS' HOUSE. KITCHEN

Cameron's on the phone in the kitchen.

CAMERON
You oughta be sorry for Christ's sake! A family member dies and you insult me. What's the matter with you, anyway?

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE. ROONEY

He apologizes profusely to Cameron.

ROONEY
I don't know. I thought you were someone else. You have to know, sir, that I would never deliberately insult you. I can't begin to tell you how embarrassed I am.

INT. FERRIS' KITCHEN

CAmeron lays into Rooney.

CAMERON'S VOICE
Pardon my French but you're an asshole!

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

Rooney nods in agreement.

ROONEY
Absolutely! I most certainly am.

INT. KITCHEN

Cameron wraps up the conversation.

CAMERON
This isn't over yet, buster. You just make sure my daughter's out in front of the school in ten minutes. Do you read me?

ROONEY'S VOICE
Loud and clear, Mr. Peterson.

CAMERON
Call me sir, goddamn it!

ROONEY'S VOICE
Sir.

CAMERON
That's better.

Ferris strolls into the kitchen to catch the last of the conversation. Cameron covers the phone.

CAMERON
(to Ferris)
I'm scared shitless, Ferris! What if Rooney guesses my voice?

FERRIS
No way. You're doing great.

Cameron sighs and goes back to the phone.

CAMERON
(clears his throat)
I don't have all day to bark at you so I'll make this short and sweet.

Ferris gives Cameron an enthusiastic thumbs up.

FERRIS
(mouths)
Great!

Cameron smiles.

CAMERON
I want my daughter out in front of the school in ten minutes. By herself. I don't want anyone around...

Ferris smacks Cameron. He's said the wrong thing. He's said the wrong thing. He covers the phone.

CAMERON
What'd I do?

FERRIS
By herself? It's too suspicious! He'll think something's up, moron. Cover it.

Cameron panics. He holds the phone out to Ferris.

CAMERON

You do it!

Ferris waves his arms angrily.

FERRIS

Talk!

Cameron takes a deep breath. He clears his throat and puts on his father voice.

CAMERON

I changed my mind, bud. You be out in front with her! I wanna have a few words with you!

Ferris slaps Cameron. The phone flies out of his hand.

CU. ROONEY

He winces as the phone hits the floor with a loud CLONK! We HEAR THE BOYS SCRAMBLING TO PICK UP THE PHONE.

CAMERON'S VOICE

On second thought, I don't have time to talk to you. We'll get together soon and have lunch.

We HEAR A SLAP AND THE CALL DISCONNECTS.

INT. FERRIS' KITCHEN

Cameron's rubbing the side of his head.

CAMERON

Why'd you hit me?!

FERRIS

Where's your brain?!

CAMERON

Why'd you hit me?!

FERRIS

Where's your brain?!

CAMERON

I asked you first!

FERRIS

How can we pick up Sloane if Rooney's going to be there with her?!

CAMERON
I said for her to be there alone and you freaked!

FERRIS
My, God, you're so stupid!
(aside)
I didn't hit you, I lightly slapped you.

CAMERON
You hit me. Look, don't ask me to participate in your crap if you don't like the way I do it!

Ferris is incredulous at Cameron's stupidity. Cameron's anger is intensified by his embarrassment.

CAMERON
I was home, sick. You get me out of bed, bring me over here, make me jeopardize my future, make me do a phoney phone call on a dean of students, a man who could squeeze my nuts into oblivion and then you deliberately hurt my feelings.

FERRIS
I didn't deliberately hurt your feelings.

CAMERON
Oh, really?

FERRIS
Oh, really.

Cameron glares at Ferris.

CAMERON
Hey, Ferris? Have a nice life.

He turns and heads out of the room. Ferris sighs.

FERRIS
Cameron?

CAMERON
Stick it up your ass, Ferris.

FERRIS
Cameron, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to jam you. It was uncalled for.

Cameron stops.

CAMERON
You're serious?

He turns around.

FERRIS
Dead serious.

Cameron smiles. He appreciates Ferris apology.

CAMERON
Thanks.

FERRIS
You did screw up though, right? Not that it was necessarily all your fault. Right?

CAMERON
(suspiciously)
Why?

FERRIS
To fix this situation, I'm going to have to ask you for a small favor.

Cameron's jaw drops.

INT. GARAGE

The door goes up and light streams in to reveal Cameron and Ferris looking at a Mercedes AMG. Cameron's face is ashen.

CAMERON
My father loves this car more than life itself.

FERRIS
A man with priorities so far out whack doesn't deserve such a fine automobile.

CAMERON
He never drives it, Ferris. He just rubs it with a diaper.

FERRIS
We can't pick up Tandy in your car, Cameron. Rooney'd never believe Mr. Peterson drives that piece of shit.

CAMERON
It's not a piece of shit.

FERRIS
It's a piece of shit. Don't worry about it. I don't even have a piece of shit. I have to envy yours. Look, I'm sorry but there's nothing else we can do.

CAMERON
He knows the mileage, Ferris. He has it tatooed on his wrist.

FERRIS
He doesn't trust you?

CAMERON
He trusts me fine.

FERRIS
So, quit wasting your sweat.

CAMERON
But he knows I'm friends with you.

FERRIS
I love him, too. This is real simple. Whatever miles we put on it, we'll take off.

CAMERON
How?

FERRIS
(big, proud smile)
We'll drive home backwards.

INT. JOYCE'S OFFICE

She's dialing the phone.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

His telephone rings. A second ring and his answering machine kicks in. We HEAR FERRIS COUGHING. AND COUGHING.

FERRIS' VOICE
Excuse me. I can't come to the phone right now but if you'll leave your name and number and a brief message at the tone, I'll try my best to get back to you.

The answering machine BEEPs.

JOYCE'S VOICE
This is Mom, honey. I'm just calling to see how you are.

FERRIS' VOICE
I'm doing okay.

JOYCE'S VOICE
Ferris?

FERRIS' VOICE
I thought it might be you, Mom. I'm sleeping. I love you. Thanks for calling. BEEP!

INT. SCHOOL. JEANIE

She comes out of a classroom. She stops as Tandy and Rooney walk past. Tandy has her coat on and she's carrying her books. Jeanie watches her suspiciously.

JEANIE
Who's kidding who...?

EXT. SCHOOL

The Mercedes is parked out in front. The top is down.

INT. MERCEDES

Ferris is driving. He's wearing a man's hat and sunglasses. Cameron's in the back.

CAMERON
Are you crazy?! Put the top back up!

FERRIS
This is perfect top-down weather.

CAMERON
What about Rooney?

FERRIS
Cameron, the more obvious we are, the less likely we are to get caught.

CAMERON
That makes no sense whatsoever.

FERRIS
The adult mind is a suspicious machine.
(looks around at Cameron)
Stay down, man.

Cameron squeezes himself lower.

CAMERON
Howcome it's my Dad's car and I'm taking all the risk and I have to ride back here?

FERRIS
I don't have an explanation.

He looks out the window.

FERRIS
I hope she can think fast enough to 86 Rooney.

EXT. SCHOOL

Rooney and Sloane come out the door.

ROONEY
Once again let me say how deeply saddened I am by your loss.

SLOANE
Huh?

ROONEY
Were you close with your grandmother?

SLOANE
Oh. Um. Yeah. Very. She was a terrific lady. Very hip. Very old. Yeah.

Tandy stops and looks for Cameron's car.

INT. MERCEDES

Ferris watches Sloane searching for Cameron's car.

FERRIS
Shit!

CAMERON
What?

FERRIS
She doesn't recognize the car. I told her to look for your car.

CAMERON
Why don't you take off? We blew it.

FERRIS
(shakes his head, no)
Cameron, it's not over 'till it's over.

Ferris opens his door.

CAMERON
What're you doing?!

EXT. SCHOOL

Sloane and Rooney are standing outside waiting the car.

DEEP VOICE
Oh, Sloane! Dear!

Sloane looks across at the Mercedes. Rooney looks.

THEIR POV

Ferris is looking out across the roof of the Mercedes. He's careful to keep his nose and mouth below the roofline.

FERRIS
Hurry along now!

CAMERON (OC)
You sound like Big Bird.

FERRIS
Shut-up.

EXT. SCHOOL

Rooney's suspicious. Sloane smiles and bids Rooney a hasty farewell.

SLOANE
I guess that's my Dad. Thanks.
See ya.

She hurries to the car.

SLOANE
(yells back to him)
Don't send flowers, okay? A donation to the American Heart Association!

Rooney watches her. Something does compute for him.

INT. SCHOOL. JEANIE

She's watching out the door. She sees the Mercedes pull away.

EXT. SCHOOL. ROONEY

He can't quite put his finger on what's bothering him.

INT. MERCEDES

Sloane shrieks with delight. She leans across the console and gives Ferris a kiss.

SLOANE
This is so great! I can't believe it! Right in front of Rooney!

She laughs and turns to Cameron.

SLOANE
Hi, Cameron. You comfortable?

CAMERON
Hi. No.

SLOANE
What a fabulous car!

CAMERON
Enjoy it quick. It's going home.

FERRIS
It was risky, it's was bold but it was totally necessary.

SLOANE
What're we gonna do?

CAMERON
We're gonna take the car home.

FERRIS
The question isn't "what are we gonna do", the question is "what aren't we going to do."

CAMERON
Don't tell me we're not going to take the car home. Please.

FERRIS
(to CAMERA)
I you had access to a car like this would you take it back right away? Would you give up feeling like a ton just to ease your best friend's tension?

He smiles.

FERRIS
Either would I.

EXT. CAR

It accelerates away like a shot.

EXT. SUBURBAN BANK

A fresh, modern bank building. The clock outside reads 9:53. The Mercedes pulls into the parking lot.

INT. BANK

Joyce is with a MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE and their bored, sour-puss teenage son, BOYD. He's sitting in a chair with his legs slung over the sides waving a Bic lighter back and forth across his rump. The parents are Joyce's clients from Los Angeles. A LOAN OFFICER is discussing the local financing situation with them. His is an open office adjacent to the teller windows. Joyce's back is to the tellers.

INT. BANK. DOORS

Ferris, Cameron and Sloane walk in. Ferris is cocky and confident. Sloane's still intoxicated with her freedom. Cameron's having stomach trouble. Ferris leads the way to an open teller window.

INT. BANK. TELLER

A WOMAN about seventy with a silver blue beehive. It's about four inches higher the highest beehive you've ever seen. As she moves the beehive hits a small sign over her head. She's been at the bank since they opened. She smiles when she sees Ferris.

TELLER
Ferris Bueller?

FERRIS

He's at the window. On either shoulder are Cameron and Sloane. Ferris smiles. Cameron blanches.

FERRIS
Hello, Mrs. Froeling. How are you?

TELLER

She rubs her elbow.

TELLER
My arm still hurts. You'll remember
I broke it some time back.

FERRIS

He nods sympathetically.

FERRIS
I'm sorry to hear that. I guess
it kind of kills your chances
to pitch for the Cubs this year,
huh?

TELLER

She doesn't understand.

TELLER
Hmm?

FERRIS

Ferris smiles.

FERRIS
I said your hair looks gorgeous.

TELLER

She pats the rock-solid mass of blue hair. In doing so she locates a missing ball point pen. She withdraws it from the hair and smiles at it's reappearance.

TELLER
I've worn it this way for ages.

FERRIS

He feigns surprise.

FERRIS
Really? It looks so contemporary.
How about that? Anyhow...

He lays his savings bonds on the counter.

TELLER

She's thinking. Her old wheels are turning.

TELLER
It's probably none of my business, but shouldn't you be in school?

FERRIS

He looks up from the savings bonds.

FERRIS
Me?
(polite laugh)
I'm out of school, Mrs. Froeling. In fact. I'm married. This is my wife...Madonna.

Tandy suppresses a laugh.

FERRIS
(to Cameron)
And this is my brother-in-law, ZZ Top. ZZ, this is Mrs. Froeling.

Cameron isn't amused. Tandy suppresses a laugh.

TELLER
(to Cameron)
Is Top a Slavic name?

CAMERON
Yeah.

FERRIS
I'd like to cash these in, please. We're having a baby and we need the cash for a crib, clothes, diapers, food pellets, leash, water dish...

INT. BANK. TELLER WINDOW

Mrs. Froeling takes the bonds with a hearty smile. The latter part of the conversation sails over her like a line drive.

TELLER
A baby!
(to Tandy)
You must be so excited.

Cameron groans and turns away from the sham.

SLOANE
I'm thrilled, ma'am. I especially looking forward to wearing those jeans with the stretch panel in the front.

Mrs. Froeling thumbs through the bonds.

TELLER
Are you hoping for a boy or a girl?

SLOANE
Actually, we're hoping for a Jeep.

TELLER
(doesn't get it)
That's nice.

CU. CAMERON

He's spooked by the games playing. He scans the bank nervously. He blinks, focuses, blinks again.

HIS POV

Joyce, the Loan Officer and the Young Couple.

CU. CAMERON

It's like he's just witnessed an ax murder.

CAMERON
Shit...

INT. BANK. JOYCE

Her back is to the teller windows. She's conducting her meeting. Behind her we see Cameron grab Ferris and point her out to him. He waves. Cameron slaps his arm.

CU. TELLER

She's looking at the bonds.

TELLER
If you keep these another three years, you get an extra four dollars.

She looks up.

HER POV

Ferris, Cameron and Sloane are turned away, looking at Joyce. Ferris turns back to Mrs. Froeling.

FERRIS
Whenever you're ready, Mrs. Froeling. We're running a little late.

SLOANE
We have baby names to pick.

CAMERON
We gotta bail!

INT. BANK. TELLER WINDOW

Mrs. Froeling shows Ferris the savings bonds and repeats her remark about letting them mature.

TELLER
You see, these bonds aren't mature. If you hold onto them...

FERRIS
I'm aware of that.

TELLER
You're throwing away four dollars.

FERRIS
No, ma'am, I'm giving it to the government. They need it. Do you know what an aircraft carrier's going for these days?

TELLER
A what?

FERRIS
Could you just hold off on the jokes and cash them, please?

INT. BANK. JOYCE

She concludes her meeting. She shakes hands with the loan officer and stands. The L.A. Couple stands. Boyd scrapes the bottom of his shoe on the desk, leaving a glob of mud behind and he stands. Joyce turns into the bank. Ferris, Cameron and Sloane are gone. She escorts her customers out.

INT. BANK. DOOR

Joyce and the L.A. Couple approach the doors. Boyd lays a luggie in the drinking fountain. Mrs. Froeling passes with the savings bonds. She stops when she sees Joyce.

MRS. FROELING
Mrs. Bueller, how are you?

JOYCE
I'm very good, thank you and you?

MRS. FROELING
My elbow still give me the dickens.

BOYD
I guess you won't be pitching for the Dodgers this year, huh?

MRS. FOELING
(doesn't catch the remark)
Hmm?

MOTHER
That's enough, Boyd.

MRS. FROELING
(shifts gears, to Joyce)
Say, you must be very proud.

Joyce doesn't know what she's talking about.

MRS. FROELING
(whispers)
I met Madonna.

She pats Joyce on the arm.

MRS. FROELING
She told me everything. Keep me posted. I'll want to send a gift.

She toodles on her way. Joyce and the Young Couple are completely baffled.

EXT. BANK

Joyce and the Californians walk along the side of the bank, heading for the parking lot. Boyd's tagging along behind. He picks up a stone and hurlks it into the parking lot.

JOYCE
My son's home sick today. If you wouldn't mind, on our way back to the office, I'd like to just run in and check up on him.

We HEAR A METALLIC PING! as Boyd's missle hits a car.

MOTHER
Of course.

They pass a show window. As they pass, we hold on the window. It's promoting saving for college educations. A mannequin father is congratulating his mannequin son in a mortar and gown as a stiff Sloane, Ferris and Cameron look on proudly.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

His secretary is dialing a number for him.

SECRETARY
This is the Peterson's home.

She hands the phone to Rooney.

SECRETARY
Watch your mouth this time.

Rooney glares at her.

ROONEY
Ferris Bueller's behind this. There's no doubt in my mind. That's what I was saying this morning. Why he has to be stopped. He's got Sloane Peterson involved in this thing now. See?

The secretary nods.

SECRETARY
And her grandmother, too.

CU. PHONE ANSWERING MACHINE

It clicks on. We hear a grieved woman's voice. It sounds an awful lot like Sloane.

SLOANE
We can't come to the phone right now. We've had a death in the family. If you need to reach us we'll be at the following number...

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

Rooney quickly takes down a number.

EXT. EDENS EXPRESSWAY

The major thoroughfare into the city of Chicago from the suburbs. The sign Ferris sabotaged with his lewd MacPainting earlier is alternating between an ad for pickles and the Ferris MacPainting. The Mercedes streaks past.

FERRIS (VO)
Our combined total is slightly over four hundred beans. We'll be fine.

CAMERON (VO)
(suspicious)
What do you mean fine?

FERRIS (VO)
We'll be able to pay for our activities.

CAMERON (VO)
What activities?

In the distance we see the Sears Tower, the Hancock Building and the Standard Oil Building.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

Rooney's dialing a new number.

EXT. CAMERON'S HOUSE

His answering machine clicks on. We hear Cameron's voice.

CAMERON'S VOICE
You have reached the Coughlin Bros. Mortuary. We are unable to come to the phone right now but if you'll leave your name and number...

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

Rooney hangs up the phone.

ROONEY
Something's going on, goddamn it.

The secretary's looking at a newspaper on Rooney's desk. She's not listening to him.

SECRETARY
There's a railroad strike.

ROONEY
And I'm going to stop it!

SECRETARY
My brother-in-law'll appreciate it.

Rooney looks at her, puzzled.

ROONEY
What?

SECRETARY
My brother-in-law rides the train to work.

Rooney stares at her like she's crazy.

ROONEY
Who gives a good goddamn?

INT. SCHOOL. HALLWAY

Jeanie's walking down the hall. She's stopped by a KID with a Coke can.

KID
Yo. We're collecting money to buy Ferris Bueller a new kidney.

Jeanie stares at him. She's flabbergasted at the proportions her brother's scam has reached.

KID
They run about fifty g's so if you could help out...

JEANIE
Go piss up a flagpole!

KID
Huh?

She knocks the can out of his hand and storms down the hall. The kid yells after her.

KID
Hey, babe! Some day you might need a favor from Ferris Bueller! Then where'll you be?!

He reaches for the can.

KID
Heartless wench...

EXT. CHICAGO LOOP. PARKING GARAGE

The Mercedes pulls into a large parking garage.

EXT. GARAGE

Ferris, Sloane and Cameron get out. Cameron's having fits.

CAMERON
We can't leave the car here?

FERRIS
Why not?

CAMERON
Because we can't! I want it back home where it belongs!

SLOANE
What could happen to it?

CAMERON
It could get stolen, wrecked, scratched, you name it.

FERRIS
I'll give the guy a five to watch it.

CAMERON
What guy?

CU. PARKING ATTENDANT

He smiles with relish at the car. 6'6", 240. An IQ that equals his hourly wage. Shoulder-length hair stuffed into a hairnet Gold teeth. Earring. Goatee.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The Attendant swaggers over to the car. Ferris slips him a five.

FERRIS
I want to you take extra special care of this vehicle, okay?

He pats the guy on the arm.

ATTENDANT
Like it's a beautiful woman.

FERRIS
I appreciate it.

The Attendant very gingerly gets into the car. Ferris turns to Cameron. The Mercedes pulls into the lot very slowly, very carefully. No squeling tires, no revving engine.

FERRIS
See what a finski can do to a person's attitude? He's going to treat it like it was his woman.

CAMERON
Yeah, sure. Chain it to a bed and whip it with a stick.

SLOANE
Oh, please, Cameron. Do you have to be so graphic?

She heads down the street.

SLOANE
This is so <u>right</u>!

Ferris nudges Cameron on. They exit the garage and head after Sloane. A long beat and the Mercedes creeps down the exit ramp of the garage. It's gone in the entrance and out the exit. Another attendant jumps in the passenger side. He's skinny, tall, with a huge knit hat filled with dreads. He lets out a spirited laugh and the Mercedes peels out of the lot. It heads down the street <u>away</u> from Sloane, Ferris and Cameron.

EXT. FERRIS' HOUSE

Joyce's car pulls in the driveway. She gets out and heads up the house.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

It's dark. There's a figure in the bed. We hear soft snoring. A wire runs from under the bed covers to the closet door to the door to the room itself.

INT. ROOM. DOOR KNOB

The wire is tied to the doorknob. It's taut. Downstairs, we hear a door open and close.

INT. HOUSE. STAIRWAY

Joyce quietly walks up the stairs.

INT. HOUSE. HALLWAY

Joyce comes up the stairs and crosses to Ferris' room. She listens at the door. WE HEAR THE SNORING.

CU. DOORKNOB

Joyce slowly turns the doorknob and pushes the door open a crack.

HER POV

As the door opens, we see the figure-like lump in the bed move.

CU. JOYCE

She smiles and closes the door.

INT. ROOM. CLOSET

The closet door is open. The wire from the bedroom door is strung over the top of the closet door. A trophy is attached to the end of the wire and it's resting on a yard stick. As the bedroom door closes, the trophy lifts up off the yardstick and the lump in the bed goes back down to it's original position.

INT. HALLWAY

Joyce listens at the door another beat.

JOYCE
Cute. He's snoring. Bless his little heart.

CU. FERRIS' SYNTHESIZER

Little LED's are lighting up to the rhythm of the snoring. The snoring is simulated.

EXT. SEARS TOWER. LATER

HELICOPTER SHOT moves in on the world's tallest building. As it passes we see three figures pressed against the windows.

FERRIS (VO)
You can see four states.

CAMERON (VO)
Do you think the car's gonna be alright?

SLOANE (VO)
Indiana, Wisconsin, Illinois...

FERRIS (VO)
Michigan.

SLOANE(VO)
Where's Michigan?

INT. SEARS TOWER OBSERVATION DECK

Ferris, Cameron and Sloane are standing against the window.

FERRIS
It's on the other side.

CAMERON
I don't feel good, Ferris. Are we gonna stay long?

FERRIS
Take a step back...

Ferris steps back. Sloane and Cameron follow suit.

FERRIS
Now, lean against the glass. Like this...

He leans forward, putting all his weight on his forehead.

FERRIS
And look down.

Sloane leans forward. Cameron follows, reluctantly.

SLOANE
Oh, shit!

HER POV

The street far, far below. A dizzying view.

SLOANE (OC)
What if the glass gives?

FERRIS (OC)
Death.

SLOANE
Cool.

CU. CAMERON

He's looking down.

CAMERON
I think I see my Dad.

EXT. STREET LEVEL

A middle-aged man, Cameron's father, HORACE FRYE, is standing on the street corner. He looks like an older version of Cameron. He's wearing a puzzled looks on his face. He addresses a BUSINESS ASSOCIATE.

CAMERON'S FATHER
I think I see my car.

We HEAR A WOUND-OUT CAR ENGINE.

INT. SEARS TOWER LOBBY

Ferris and Sloane bound down the escalator. Cameron follows glumly. They dance past the giant Calder mobile. They're singing.

FERRIS AND SLOANE
I BEEN ALL 'ROUND THIS GREAT BIG WORLD
AND I'VE SEEN ALL KINDS OF GIRLS
YEAH, BUT I COULDN'T WAIT TO GET
BACK IN THE STATES
BACK TO THE CUTEST GIRLS IN THE WORLD
I WISH THEY ALL COULD BE CALIFORNIA
I WISH THEY ALL COULD BE CALIFORNIA

EXT. STREET

Ferris and Sloane burst out the doors garnering the annoyed stares of the business people busily going in and out of the building. Cameron politely waits his turn to exit. Ferris and Sloane head down the street. Cameron follows.

FERRIS AND SLOANE
I WISH THEY ALL COULD BE CALIFORNIA GIRLS!

EXT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE

Giant old monolith.

INT. BOARD OF TRADE. TRADING FLOOR

Traders are frantically buying and selling commodities.

INT. GALLERY

Ferris, Tandy and Sloan are sitting in the gallery watching

the proceedings.

SLOANE
Do you love me?

FERRIS
Do you love me?

SLOANE
I asked you first.

FERRIS
Yes. You?

SLOANE
Yes.

FERRIS
Would I trash a day of education to be with you if I didn't love you?

SLOANE
Yes.

FERRIS
Would I risk damaging a deep and wonderfully enriching relationship with my parents if I didn't love you?

SLOANE
Yes.

FERRIS
Would I have introduced you as my wife if I didn't love you?

SLOANE
Wait a minute. That was a lie.

FERRIS
True.

Ferris puts his arm around Sloane.

FERRIS
Would you want to get married? I mean if I wasn't an asshole.

SLOANE
Sure.

FERRIS
(serious)
Today?

Sloane stares at him. Is he serious.

FERRIS
I'm game.

SLOANE
No way!

FERRIS
I'll do it, if you will.

Cameron suddenly adds his two cents.

CAMERON
You need a blood test.

Ferris looks around at him.

FERRIS
Huh?

CAMERON
If your blood's not compatable, you could produce a pinhead. The state requires a blood test.

FERRIS
So?

CAMERON
So, you can't get married today.

FERRIS
Tomorrow?

CAMERON
If you get a blood test today.

SLOANE
I'm not getting married.

CAMERON
I'm with you, babe.

FERRIS
Why not?

SLOANE
What do you mean, why not? Think about it.

FERRIS
Besides being too young and your father hating my guts and not having any place to live and feeling awkward about being the only cheerleader with a husband, give me a good reason why not.

CAMERON
I'll give you two. My mother and my father.

Ferris and Sloane look at him curiously.

CAMERON
They're married and they hate each other.
(to Ferris)
You've seen them. Am I right?

FERRIS
You're father's a toad and your Mom's always wired out, but so what? They're old. That's natural.

CAMERON
It makes me puke. Seeing people treat each other like that. It's like the car. He loves the car. He hates his wife.

SLOANE
My parents are divorced. So what? It's not like it doesn't happen ten thousand times a day.

CAMERON
Just because it happens doesn't make it right. Are you comfortable with it?

SLOANE
No. Are yours divorced?

CAMERON
They may as well be.

SLOANE
Do you think they're staying together because of you?

Cameron hadn't seen it that way. He shrugs.

SLOANE
Do they like you?

CAMERON

Yeah.

SLOANE

Consider this...my father canned me and my brother and my Mom for a twenty five year old dipso with fake tits. He dropped us like a rock. Everything was cool at our house, I thought so. We all thought so. Then BLAM! It's over.

FERRIS
(to CAMERA)

This is all news to me. She keeps a pretty good secret.

SLOANE
(to Cameron)

It was pure selfishness. When I have a kid, I don't care how much I want something, if it's gonna screw up the kid, forget it.

FERRIS
(to CAMERA)

She's not lying.

CAMERON

You could change.

SLOANE

Yeah. But I'm gonna try not to. I'm gonna think about it. I'm gonna try to prevent it.

FERRIS

This is optomism. It's a common trait with my age group. Adults think it's cute, it's like a charming quirk that infests youth. But it's a cool thing and I think, deep down, crusty old shits wish they had some. They wish they had her, too.
(points to Sloane)
Sorry. She's taken.

CAMERON

I'd rather not have my family break apart, thank you.

SLOANE

Well, you know what? It ain't up to you. It's out of your hands.

CAMERON
So, I in other words, I should just sit back and watch it crumble?

SLOANE
You're merely an inhabitant in their universe.

FERRIS
Frightening choice of words.

SLOANE
They call the shots. When you split from them, you call the shots.

CAMERON
So, you're saying I should run away?

FERRIS
No. She's saying it's time for lunch.

SLOANE
What?

FERRIS
Let's go feed Cameron.

They stand up and head out. Ferris hangs back a moment. He cups his hands to his mouth. He yells at the top of his voice.

FERRIS
SELL!

And he exits. Cool and casual.

INT. BOARD OF TRADE. TRADING FLOOR

It explodes with activity in response to Ferris' shout. We HEAR A RADIO ANNOUNCER.

ANNOUNCER
Commodity prices fell sharply today at the Board of Trade amid unusually heavy trading...

EXT. CHEZ PAUL

A French resturant on the Gold Coast. It's noon.

INT. CHEZ PAUL

Ferris, Sloane and Cameron are standing in the resturant. Ferris is looking at the maitre 'd's reservations book.

HIS POV

His finger runs down to a party of three for 12:00.

INT. RESTURANT

The maitre'd returns.

MAITRE'D
(to Ferris)
May I help you?

FERRIS
Yes. I'm Abe Frohman. Party of three for 12:00.

The maitre'd looks at Ferris curiously.

FERRIS
Is there a problem?

MAITRE'D
You're Abe Frohman?

FERRIS
Who the hell do you think I am? Ferris Bueller? Of course I'm Abe Frohman.

MAITRE'D
(chuckles)
I'm sorry, son. I'm very busy right now. If you have trouble finding the door...

Sloane tugs Ferris' sleeve. He ignores her.

FERRIS
Are you suggesting that I'm not who I say I am?

MAITRE'D
Will I have to call the police?

CAMERON
Let's go...Abe.

FERRIS
I'm not going anywhere.
(to the Maitre'd)
Call the police. Go ahead. Better yet...
(grabs the phone)
...I'll call myself.

Cameron chokes. Sloane grits her teeth. The maitre'd smiles smuggly.

CU. PHONE

Ferris punches out a number. A beat and the resturant's second line lights up and the phone rings.

INT. RESTURANT

The maitre'd motions for the phone so that he can answer the call. Ferris waves him off angrily.

FERRIS
You touch me and I yell "rat!"
There's another phone around here.
Find it.

The maitre'd backs off.

CAMERON
Ferris, let's split, please?

SLOANE
Cameron's right. We're gonna
get busted.

FERRIS
Not a chance in the world.

He hands the phone to Sloane.

FERRIS
Ask for Abe Frohman.

INT. RESTURANT. LATER

Ferris, Sloane and Cameron are seated in the resturant. The maitre'd is hovering over Ferris.

MAITRE'D
I appreciate your understanding.

FERRIS
Don't grovel, Charles. Just leave
us to our repast and all will be
forgotten.

MAITRE'D
Enjoy your meal.

FERRIS
Thank you.

The maitre'd backs away. Ferris smiles. Sloane is impressed.

Cameron is flushed with nerves.

FERRIS
Darling, you were wonderful.

SLOANE
Oh, but I have a wonderful teacher.

FERRIS
Cameron, dear friend?

Cameron looks to Ferris.

FERRIS
And you thought we wouldn't have any fun. Shame on you.

Ferris disappears behind his menu.

EXT. SCHOOL

We HEAR HALLWAY SOUNDS AND JEANIE.

JEANIE (VO)
Ferris Bueller's days are number.

INT. GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM

Jeanie's sitting on a bench in a field hockey uniform. She's talking to a FRIEND.

JEANIE
(mean, vicious)
I'm gonna bust his buns.

FRIEND
Why? What's the point?

JEANIE
Why? Because I'm sick of the little dope. He manipulates my parents, he does whatever he wants, whenever he wants and he never gets nailed.
(wicked pause)
Well, babe, today I'm the hammer.

She yanks angrily on the velcro straps on her sneakers. The straps rip off in her hand.

FRIEND
I think he's cute.

JEANIE
Sweetie, it's an established fact that you have no taste. Ferris is not cute. He's not charming. He's not nice. He's not a wonderful person. He's an ignorant mule and the sooner everybody in this school comes to that realization the better off we'll all be.

She displays the velrco straps to her friend.

JEANIE
See? My brother strokes you, you sympathize with him, I get pissed off and this is what happens!

Jeanie tosses the straps on the floor.

JEANIE
Let me tell you something. I study hard, I work hard, I'm polite, I'm considerate, I'm friendly and fair to all kinds of people. Except morons. I try to be everything a good, decent person should be and you know what?

FRIEND
Everybody thinks you're an asshole.

Jeanie freezes with her next sentence pinned to her tongue.

JEANIE
Excuse me?

FRIEND
I don't think you're an asshole.

JEANIE
Who does?

Her friend smiles sheepishly.

JEANIE
Rachel?

Jeanie's friend shrugs, wags her head, does everything but verbally confirm.

JEANIE
Rachel's a turd. Who else?

FRIEND
I don't know. Just forget it.

JEANIE
Forget that everybody thinks I'm an asshole? Would you like everybody to think you're an asshole?

FRIEND
Not everybody thinks you're an asshole. Mr. Rooney likes you.

JEANIE
Oh, hey. That's exciting. A fat fifty year old clod with B.O. likes me.

Jeanie shakes her head in disbelief.

JEANIE
Would everybody be happier if maybe I were to die in a flaming car accident or something?

FRIEND
Maybe if you didn't act like and asshole...

JEANIE
Am I acting like an asshole?

FRIEND
I didn't mean it that way.

JEANIE
Is this a conspiracy to shit all over me or something? Is my brother behind this? Tell me if he is or I'll sock your tits.

FRIEND
You really do have a problem, Jeanie.

JEANIE
Me? I have a problem?

FRIEND
Somebody who threatens to sock people's tits has a problem.

JEANIE
Alright. How about if I sock your face?

Jeanie's friend gets up.

FRIEND
Take a walk, Jeanie.

Her friend exits.

JEANIE
(yells after her)
If it means anything to you, I have my period! MY BODY'S RIDDING ITSELF OF OLD EGGS, GODDAMN IT!

She snarls and slumps against the lockers.

JEANIE
He's gone. He's over. He's dead.

INT. MEN'S ROOM. CHEZ PAUL

Ferris is standing at the urinal.

FERRIS
She's a person who views life as an ordeal that must be endured. Her body is a transport vehicle for her anger. I don't know where she gets this shit. Basically, the family's pretty cool.

He looks down at the urinal.

FERRIS
I wonder if everybody shoots at cigarette butts in urinals? Probably not many women.
(continues)
I used to think that my family was the only one that had weirdness in it. It used to worry me. I'd watch the Brady Bunch or My Three Sons and I'd compare my family to them and it just wouldn't stand up. Then I started thinking, the Brady's are all dips and the Douglases are worse. Don't you just wanna beat the shit out Chip? Especially in the episodes where's he's with chicks.
(back to the original discussion)
Then I met Cameron and I saw how his family functioned.

He zips his trousers and steps away from the urinal.

FERRIS
Cameron's home life is really shit. He wasn't lying. That's why he's sick all the time. It really upsets him. What he said about his parents hating each other? I refuse to sleep over at his house. His parents fight all the time. Even when I'm there. Is there anything worse than being at somebody's house when their parents are fighting? It's the absolute height of social discomfort.

He checks his hair in the mirror.

FERRIS
When they go after each other, Cameron tightens up. It's scary. He gets so wadded-up, you couldn't pry his buns apart with a crowbar. The thing with taking his old man's car? It's good for him. It teaches him not to fear the guy. Plus, and I must be honest be honest here, I love driving it. It's so choice. If you have a spare $50,000 laying around gathering dust, I highly recommend picking one up.

He exits the men's room. We hold a beat. A toilet flushes. Another beat and Tom walks out of the stall. He crosses to the sink.

INT. RESTURANT

Cameron and Sloane have been served their lunches. They're staring at the plates.

CAMERON
What is it?

SLOANE
I don't know. But it looks like it's already been eaten and digested.

CAMERON
I knew it was a mistake letting Ferris order for us.

Ferris slides over to the table and drops into his seat.

FERRIS
What're you doing?

Cameron looks at Ferris.

CAMERON
What is this shit?

FERRIS
You got me. I don't speak French.

He puts his napkin in his lap and smells his plate.

FERRIS
I think it's a land-based beefoid creature.

He takes a bite. He savors the taste.

FERRIS
Splendid.

CAMERON
Really?

FERRIS
Superb.

Cameron and Sloane try theirs. They chew tentatively.

FERRIS
Good?

Sloane and Cameron shrug. It's not bad. A WAITER passes. Ferris stops him.

FERRIS
Yo, Clouseau!

The waiter stops and looks at Ferris indignantly.

FERRIS
I have a growth on my brain that causes memory lapses. Could you tell me what we ordered here?

The waiter glances at the plates.

WAITER
Sweetbreads.

FERRIS
Uh, huh. And what might that be?

WAITER
Pancreas.

FERRIS
As in the gland that has important functions in digestion and metabolism?

CU. SLOANE AND CAMERON

They stop chewing. They're holding the sweetbreads in their mouths.

CU. FERRIS

He continues his questioning.

FERRIS
...That secretes a thick, colorless fluid containing digestive enzymes? The home of the world famous isles of Langerhans?

CU. WAITER

He nods broadly, knowing that he's spoiling the kids' meal.

CU. SLOANE AND CAMERON

They look at each other.

CU. FERRIS

He pats his mouth with his napkin. He looks to Cameron and Sloane. He raises a finger, holds it a beat and gives a cue.

CU. WAITER

He turns away as Sloane and Cameron spit out their food.

CU. FERRIS

He watches Sloane and Cameron then glances at the waiter.

FERRIS
Check, please!

EXT. RESTURANT

Tom and his two GUESTS are standing at the curb, talking. A cab is waiting. The door's open. In the B.G. Ferris, Tandy and Cameron come out of the resturant. They approach the cab. Tom's back is to Ferris. Ferris stops cold.

FERRIS, SLOANE, CAMERON

They turn on cue as Tom, now in the B.G., turns toward the resturant.

FERRIS
40,000 resturants in the downtown area and I pick the one my father goes to.

We're gonna get nabbed, for sure.

FERRIS
No way, Cameron. Only the meek get nabbed. The bold survive. Let's go.

He turns to the cab. Sloane and Cameron turn slowly.

EXT. STREET. CAB

Tom and his party are still jawing at curbside. Ferris, Sloane and Cameron slowly approach the cab. Behind the backs of the men, Ferris scoots Sloane into the cab. Cameron dashes in. The Ferris hops the cab.

INT. CAB

Ferris slams the door.

CU. CAB DOOR HANDLE

A man's hand reaches for the handle as the cab pulls away.

EXT. RESTAURANT

Tom and his guests watch in bewilderment at their cab takes off. MUSIC COMES UP.

EXT. MUSEUM OR SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

The grand old Chicago museum.

INT. MUSEUM. OVERHEAD SHOT

The main gallery is crowded with school kids.

INT. MUSEUM. FLOOR

A class of kids walking along holding hands. Among the second graders are Ferris, Sloane and Cameron, holding hands looking like giant grade schoolers.

INT. MUSEUM. DISPLAY CASE

Baby chicks are hatching in a huge, round incubator. Sloane, Ferris and Cameron are intently watching the process.

INT. MUSEUM. COAL MINE

Sloane, Ferris and Cameron ride in the coal train in the coal mine replica. Ferris and Sloane are making out.

INT. MUSEUM. INDUSTRIAL DISPLAY

Sloane operates a metal press to produce a tin ashtray.

INT. MUSEUM. HEART REPLICA

A giant, walk-thru replica of a human heart. Ferris staggers out of it, clutching his heart, feigning a massive heart attack.

INT. GERMAN U-BOAT

Ferris is examining the controls of the captured U-Boat. He checks to see if he's being watched then he presses a button and pulls a lever.

CU. PROPELLER

For the first time in fifty years the screw turns.

INT. MUSEUM. INDUSTRIAL DISPLAY

Sloane operates a metal press to produce a tin ashtray.

INT. MUSEUM. HEART REPLICA

A giant, walk-thru replica of a human heart. Ferris staggers out of it, clutching his heart, feigning a massive heart attack.

CU. HUMAN FETUS IN A BOTTLE

The famous stages of life display which features bottled fetuses. The ninth month. A tiny human being in a jar.

CU. SLOANE, FERRIS, CAMERON

Sloane wants to cry. Cameron's stomach is in his throat. Ferris is lost in thought. The MUSIC ENDS.

SLOANE
(remorsefully)
I wonder if he has a name?

FERRIS
(blank)
Ninth Month.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER. LONG, HIGH SHOT

From the Merchandise Mart, looking down the fetid, green swath of water. A boat is rolling up the man-made canyon.

CAMERON (VO)
Are you guys worried about nuclear war?

FERRIS (VO)
Cameron, it's a beautiful day, we've won our freedom, we're traveling down one of American's most scenic polluted waterways and you have to bring up nuclear war?

SLOANE (VO)
It is kind of raggy subject, Cam.

CAMERON (VO)
Regardless. It's with us every day. The possiblity of global destruction.

SLOANE (VO)
Don't you think it's an issue because people need something to worry about? They have to like, have some major problem that puts all their little bullshit into some kind of persepective?

CAMERON (VO)
Maybe.

FERRIS (VO)
They used to have Viet Nam. They used to have the oil crisis stuff and Iran. That's over and people have to have their big issue. It's not like somebody came up with the nuclear holocaust yesterday at noon, you know.

SLOANE (VO)
To answer your question...No, I'm not worried about it at all.

FERRIS (VO)
We don't know when the bombs going off. We do know, however, that college starts in the fall.

CAMERON (VO)
(dramatic, deadly serious)
Do you know what a nuclear winter is?

Long beat.

SLOANE (VO)
Yeah. Everybody's dead, it's real cold and the skiing's for shit.

The boat makes the turn in the river and CLEARS FRAME.

EXT. BOAT DECK

The three are sitting on the aft deck of the tour boat. Their feet are up on the railing. Very casual, very relaxed. Discussing the end of the world.

SLOANE
My step-father's always going off about how when he was young he was committed to all these causes.

FERRIS
He's full of shit. All the old hippies are full of shit.

SLOANE
He says I don't care about things like he did.

FERRIS
What's he care about know?

SLOANE
Baldness, fatty meats and money.

FERRIS
I rest my case.

CAMERON
What's spooky is they still control everything. They took over when they were young and they never gave it up.

FERRIS
One of the most frightening experiences of my young life has been observing my parents and our neighbors playing the Baby Boom Edition of Trivial Pursuit. It's chilling to see people crazed with the minutia of their past.

CAMERON
It's human nature to like what you had better than what you have.

SLOANE
Agreed.

A loud speaker on the boat identifies a point of interest.

LOUDSPEAKER
TO YOUR LEFT IS THE WORLD'S TALLEST BUILDING...

The three look to the left.

LOUDSPEAKER, FERRIS, SLOANE, CAMERON
The Sears Tower.

CAMERON
You know, this is all very interesting but I'm starving.

FERRIS
An hour ago you wanted to yack.

CAMERON
I feel better now.

FERRIS
Lean over and grab a fish.

SLOANE
My mother loathes punks but she has three holes in each ear and she wears studded wristbands and mousses-up her hair.

CAMERON
That's just fashion.

FERRIS
It's politics. How can we make a point if everything we do gets turned into a fashion statement?

An obtuse thought flashes through Sloane's brain.

SLOANE
What comes after a nuclear winter?

CAMERON
Nuclear spring.

EXT. SCHOOL

Meanwhile...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE DEAN'S OFFICE

Jeanie is having a small moral debate with herself.

JEANIE
It's reprehensible to squeal on your own flesh and blood...but it's for his own good. His cavalier attitude will get him into trouble later in life...and it'll continue to piss me off and I'll get so wadded-up that it'll cause cervex cancer and he'll ruin my life. Screw him.

She slips into the Dean's outer office.

INT. DEAN'S OUTER OFFICE

Rooney's secretary is behind her desk. Jeanie walks in. he secretary looks up and greets her with a weary smile.

SECRETARY
Hello, Jeanie. Who's bothering you now?

Jeanie scowls at her.

JEANIE
Is Dean Rooney in?

SECRETARY
I'm sorry, he's out to lunch. Can I help you?

JEANIE
(condescending)
I seriously doubt it. When's he back?

SECRETARY
I don't know. He left the grounds on personal business.

INT. CAR. ROONEY

He's hunched over his steering wheel, scanning the streets. Eyes squinting, lips drawn tight across his lips. The insity of a bounty hunter.

EXT. STREET

The main street of Ferris' town. Rooney's bile green compact import cruises slowly down the street, patrolling. It eases over into the right lane, nearly cuts off a car.

INT. CAR. ROONEY

He's completely oblivious to the accident he's nearly caused. O.C. a HORN BLASTS and a MUTED VOICE YELLS AN UNINTELLIGABLE OBSCENITY.

CU. WHEEL

It rolls backwards into FRAME, climbs the curb and stops.

EXT. STREET

Rooney has done a parallel parking job a driver's ed student would be ashamed of. He gets out of the car, looks around like he's Dirty Harry and saunters to the curb. In his mind he <u>is</u> Dirty Harry.

CU. FIRE HYDRANT

Rooney's Hush Puppy on the hydrant. He ties his lace.

EXT. STREET

Rooney straightens his tie and jacket and slips into a rowdy hot dog joint.

INT. HOT DOG STAND

It's jammed with construction workers, secretaries, suburban businessmen. It's loud and confusing. Rooney pushes his way in and scopes the crowd.

HIS POV

A tall, sandy-haired person is playing a video game in a far corner.

CU. ROONEY

He suspects it's Ferris. It looks sort of like Ferris. He smiles and cuts into the crowd.

CU. THE BACK OF THE VIDEO PLAYER'S HEAD

ROONEY (OC)
I've been waiting a long time for this.

The player looks up.

ROONEY (OC)
Your ass is mine.

The player turns around. It's a GIRL.

CU. ROONEY

The blood evacuates his face. He stares at the girl.

CU. GIRL

She stares at him. She picks up her Coke. She puts the straw to her lips and sucks.

CU. ROONEY

He's still staring. He can't think of anything to say.

CU. GIRL

Holding the straw in her mouth, she draws it out of the cup. She raises it, pointing it directly in Rooney's face.

CU. ROONEY

He squints.

CU. GIRL

She blows a strawful of Coke in Rooney's face.

CU. NAPKIN HOLDER

A hand yanks a napkin out.

INT. HOT STAND. SERVICE COUNTER

Rooney wipes his face. Behind him is the kitchen and a grease-covered TV set broadcasting a Cubs baseball game. There's a long foul ball. The TV camera follows the ball into the stands. A kid makes a stab at the ball. Rooney wipes his suit off. The TV camera zooms in on the boy triumphantly holding the foul ball aloft. It's Ferris. He has his shirt off. It's around his head like a turban. He does a little celebration dance. Rooney wads up the napkin and tosses it in a trashbin. The TV camera returns to the game. Rooney glances at the screen.

ROONEY
What's the score?

HOT DOG MAN
Zero to zero.

ROONEY
Who's winning?

HOT DOG MAN
Cubs.

Rooney nods and exits.

EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD. STANDS

Ferris sits down with the baseball. He shakes his stinging paw. On either side of him are Cameron and Sloane. Cameron's scarfing nachos.

FERRIS
I think I broke my thumb.

SLOANE
Can we leave now?

FERRIS
You want to leave? We just got here.

SLOANE
You got a ball, you broke your thumb, what's left to do?

Cameron offers his nachos to Sloane. She looks at them with disgust.

SLOANE
No wonder you're always sick.

Ferris leans back, puts his hands behind his head and turns his face to the bright sun.

FERRIS
Do you realize that if I played by the rules, right now I'd be in gym?

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL. PLAYING FIELD

A boy's gym class is doing laps. A blue Fiat pulls into the shot.

INT. FIAT

Jeanie's at the wheel. She sneaks a glance at the school.

JEANIE
I can't believe my brother's making me put myself in a position where I could get expelled. Selfish little moron.
(pause)
Ferris? You've overshadowed me long enough. I'm gonna get you, buddy.

She puts the car in gear and drives out of the shot.

EXT. STATE STREET

A parade is underway. Floats and politicians. Marching bands, drum and bugle corps, soldiers, school kids. Figure skating club in outfits and skates performing their routines on pavement. It's ITALIAN APPRECIATION DAY.

EXT. STATE STREET. FLOAT

Riding atop on a float is Ferris. He's waving to the crowd. He and half a dozen homely Italian Neighborhood Beauty Queens. He's leading the girls in singing, "CELLA LULA".

EXT. STATE STREET. SLOANE AND CAMERON

They're watching Ferris go by. They wave to him.

SLOANE
I love him.

CAMERON
It's hard not to.

Cameron breaks a smile. As worried as he is about the day and getting caught, he has to admire Ferris for his lack of inhabitions.

SLOANE
Do you believe in reincarnation?

CAMERON
Huh?

SLOANE
Do you believe that you lived before?

CAMERON
Yeah. Sort of.

SLOANE
Do you ever wonder what you were?

CAMERON
I don't have to wonder. I know.

Sloane looks at him with amazement.

CAMERON
I was a tractor tire.

EXT. STATE STREET. FLOAT

Ferris is on his knees, reaching down from the float, shaking hands with people in the crowd.

FERRIS
Comesta, dude! Pasta rules the dinner plates, my man!

EXT. STATE STREET

Sloane and Cameron continue their conversation.

CAMERON
What were you in a previous life?

SLOANE
I'm not sure but I think I know who Ferris was.

CAMERON
Hannibal.

SLOANE
From the A-Team?

CAMERON
No. The guy who rode the elephants into Switzerland.

Sloane laughs at herself. She nods. She gets it. They step out of the crowd and head down the street in the direction the parade's heading.

SLOANE
I think if he was anybody, he was Magellan. You know, the guy who went around the world.

Cameron nods.

SLOANE
I could see him ignoring popular belief and taking off on some impossible mission.

CAMERON
Yeah. As long as I've known him, everything works for him. There's nothing he can't handle. I can't handle anything. School, parents, the future. Ferris can do anything.

EXT. STATE STREET. FLOAT

Ferris is playing "TWIST AND SHOUT" on the accordian. The girls on the float are singing.

FERRIS
WELL, SHAKE IT UP, BABY, NOW!

GIRLS
SHAKE IT UP, BABY

FERRIS
TWIST AND SHOUT!

GIRLS
TWIST AND SHOUT!

FERRIS
COME ON, COME ON, COME ON, BABY NOW!
COME ON AND WORK IT ON OUT!

GIRLS
WORK IT ON OUT!

EXT. STREET. SLOANE AND CAMERON

They continue their conversation.

SLOANE
The future's worse for a boy, isn't it?

Cameron doesn't understand what she means.

SLOANE
A girl can always bail out and have a baby and get some guy to support her.

Behind them, Cameron's father's car rolls past. The Attendant and the Rastaman are waving to the crowd.

CAMERON
That's a pretty grim thought.

SLOANE
True, but it's an option. No options is worse.

CAMERON
I don't know what I'm gonna do.

SLOANE
College.

CAMERON
Yeah, but to do what?

SLOANE
What are you interested in?

CAMERON
Nothing.

SLOANE
Me either.

They walk on for a few beats. We HEAR "TWIST AND SHOUT" GROWING LOUDER AND LOUDER. The song is taking over all the other tunes in the band. It's infecting the entire parade.

CAMERON
What do you think Ferris is gonna do?

EXT. STATE STREET. MARCHING BAND

They're playing TWIST AND SHOUT.

EXT. STREET. MOUNTED POLICE OFFICER

He's singing softly.

POLICE OFFICER
YOU KNOW YOU LOOK SO GOOD!

EXT. STREET. PUNKS

A band of PUNKS are dancing on the roof of a news kiosk.

PUNKS
LOOK SO GOOD!

EXT. STREET. MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN

A WOMAN and her two TODDLERS sing along.

WOMAN
YOU KNOW YOU LOOK SO FINE!

TODDLERS
LOOK SO FINE!

EXT. STREET. BLACK TEENAGER

He's wearing a shower cap and a maroon overcoat.

TEENAGER
COME ON AND TWIST A LITTLE CLOSER!

EXT. STREET. OLD NEWSPAPER SELLER

He singing along.

NEWSPAPER SELLER
TVIST A LITTLE CLOSER!

EXT. STREET. CHOIR GROUP

They're marching down the parade. They're singing in their angleic voices.

CHOIR
AND LET ME KNOW THAT YOU'RE MINE!

EXT. STREET. STREET CLEANERS

With their brooms ready...

STREET CLEANERS
KNOW THAT YOU'RE MINE!

EXT. STREET. DECK

The entire parade is singing and playing "TWIST AND SHOUT".

EXT. STREET. VIEWING STAND

The POLITICIANS and their WIVES stand up.

POLITICIANS AND WIVES

AH!

EXT. STREET. VIEWING STAND

The CLERGYMEN stand.

CLERGYMEN

AH!

EXT. STREET. VETERANS

Marching in formation and in WWII uniforms.

VETERANS

AH!

EXT. STREET. FLOAT

Ferris leads the Beauty Queens in the rousing finale.

FERRIS

AH!

EXT. STREET. WIDE AND HIGH

The entire parade is at frenzy pitch.

PARADE

AHHHHH!

The SOUND OF THE VOICES blends with the SOUND OF A RED-LINED HIGH PERFORMANCE ENGINE.

EXT. CALUMET CITY

The Port of Chicago. Grim, gritty waterfront. Suddenly, Cameron's father's car flies OVER CAMERA. Like the opening shot in Star Wars. The Starship Mercedes. SLO-MO

CU. MERCEDES UNDER-CARRIAGE

It travels past to reveal a beautiful blue sky. SLO-MO

CU. PARKING ATTENDANT

His eyes are wide with exhilaration. Mouth open, tongue out. Maniac at the wheel. SLO-MO.

CU. RASTAMAN

His eyes are closed. Big smile. SLO-MO.

EXT. STREET. KIDS

They're looking up in the air, following the car as it flies over them. Broad, excited smiles. The car's shadow passes over them. SLO-MO.

CU. CAR GRILLE

It fills the frame and stops. We MOVE UP to reveal Rooney behind the wheel of his car.

EXT. FERRIS' HOUSE

Rooney gets out of his car. He looks at the house, looks up and down the street, then crosses to Ferris' house.

INT. HOUSE. FOYER

Rooney's at the front door. We see him peek in a window at the top of the door. The doorbell rings.

INT. HOUSE. FERRIS' ROOM. COMPUTER

It acknowledges the doorbell.

CU. CASSETTE PLAYER

It turns on. We HEAR MUSIC.

EXT. HOUSE. FRONT PORCH

The house intercom activates. We HEAR FERRIS' VOICE.

FERRIS
Who is it?

Rooney's stunned that it's Ferris. He presses the intercom.

ROONEY
This is Ed Rooney, Ferris. I'd like to have a word with you.

There's a long beat.

FERRIS
I'm sorry I can't come to the door right now. I'm very ill and I'm afraid that in my weakened condition, I could take a nasty spill down the stairs and subject myself to further school absenses.

There's a pause. Rooney presses the intercom again.

ROONEY
B.S. Come down here.

Another long pause.

FERRIS
You can reach my parents at their places of business. Thank you for stopping by. I appreciate your concern for my well-being. It will be remembered long after this illness has past.

His voice clicks off. Rooney presses the intercom again.

ROONEY
I'm not leaving until you come down and talk to me.

FERRIS
Have a nice day.

Rooney presses the intercom.

ROONEY
I'm not leaving, Ferris.

There's no response. Rooney rings the doorbell again. The pre-recorded litany starts over.

FERRIS
Who is it?

Rooney doesn't realize that he's listening to a recording.

ROONEY
Don't get smart with me Ferris!

FERRIS
I'm sorry I can't come to the door right now. I'm very ill and I'm afraid that in my weakened condition...

Rooney leans back from the door. He can't quite figure out what's going on. But's it's highly suspicious.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM

Rooney steps through the hedges and peeks in the window. We HEAR FERRIS' VOICE inside.

FERRIS
You may reach my parents at their places of business.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN

Rooney tries to peek in the kitchen window.

FERRIS
I appreciate your conern for my well-being. It will be remembered long after...

EXT. HOUSE. BACKDOOR

A black rubber doggie door. The type that allows a dog to come and go as it pleases. Rooney is crouched down. He lifts the doggie door and peeks in the house.

HIS POV

Along the kitchen floor. Through the kitchen, into the dining room. We hear a LARGE DOG GROWL.

CU. ROONEY

He's peeking through the door. He hears the dog. His face freezes.

FERRIS
Have a nice day.

EXT. HOUSE. DOGGIE DOOR

A Doberman bursts through the doogie door in a fury of gnashing teeth and foam.

CU. LARGE BREASTS

Tassled pasties twirl like airplane propellers.

CU. CAMERON, FERRIS AND SLOANE

They're sitting in a booth in the garish, nearly deserted strip joint. Cameron's mouth is open in amazement. Sloane is embarrassed and revolted.

CAMERON
How does she do that? One goes one way, one goes the other.

FERRIS
She's probably schizophrenic.

SLOANE
Ferris, this is nauseating me. Really. I'm losing respect for you by the bucket.

FERRIS
You don't think it's amazing that we got in?

SLOANE
Who wants to get in?

FERRIS
Cameron looks like a toddler, for Christ's sake. I'm talking about a major achievement in false identification.

SLOANE
I'm not interested in watching someone jiggle their mammary glands.

FERRIS
Point well taken. But consider why she does it. Why she does it and you don't.

SLOANE
I'm not a tramp.

FERRIS
Maybe her life fell apart. Maybe she lost somebody. A lover. A boyfriend. A parent. A child...
(to CAMERA)
This kind of thing makes me a little depressed. You may think because I'm the age I am that I'm a sex maniac. That sex is all I think about. But that's not true. I'm a romantic. I think alot of people my age are. We think about love and matters of the heart. And SAT scores and acne aside, we worry about lonliness. It's a terrible thing. And we feel it. I feel it.

He flips his collar up, curls his lip and affects an Elvis impression. A sappy, do-wop track FADES UP. The club lights goe down. Cameron and Sloane disappear into darkness. Ferris stands up from the booth. He strolls slowly through the empty club as the stripper bumps and grinds in a pool of blue light.

FERRIS
You know, someone said the world's a stage and each must play a part. Fate had me playing in love, with you as my sweetheart. Act one was when we met. I loved you at first glance. You read your lines so cleverly and never missed a cue. Then came act two. You seemed to change. You acted strange. And why, I've never known.

He climbs up on the little runway. The stripper disappears in darkness as Ferris takes over the spotlight.

FERRIS
Honey, you lied when you said you loved me and I had no cause to doubt you. But I'd rather go on hearing your lies than to go on living without you. Now, the stage is bare and I'm standing there with emptiness all around and if you won't come back to me, then they can bring the curtain down...

Elvis fades up. The orignal recording. Ferris lip synchs with the big, dramatic florish that was the King's trademark ballad sign-off.

ELVIS
IS YOUR HEART FILLED WITH PAIN?
SHALL I COME BACK AGAIN?
TELL ME DEAR, ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

Ferris drops his head. Like the King would.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET. CAMERON'S CAR

Cameron's father is looking at the car. He's studying it. It looks terribly familiar. He leans into the open car and reaches for the glovebox to see it the conents will confirm if it's his. He freezes. He looks up slowly.

HIS POV

The Attendant and the Rastaman are glowering at him. They're holding bags of fried chicken.

ATTENDANT
You looking for something in my car?

CU. CAMERON'S FATHER

He shakes his head, no.

CAMERON'S FATHER

No.

EXT. FERRIS' TOWN. JEANIE

Jeanie's standing at her car. She's staring incredulously into the distance. Her mouth's open. She's shaking her head slowly.

HER POV

On the two water tower is pray-painted in huge black letters -- SAVE FERRIS BUELLER.

CU. JEANIE

She's furious.

JEANIE
I'm gonna microwave his nuts...

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE

Afternoon traffic.

INT. TAXI CAB

Ferris, Sloane and Cameron in the backseat of a checker. Ferris is on one window, Cameron on the other. Sloane's in the middle. Ferris is talking to the DRIVER.

FERRIS
So...

He leans forward and reads the driver's name off the city license.

FERRIS
So, Yuri, how long have you been in America?

DRIVER
One year.

FERRIS
What's your overall impression?

DRIVER
It's very good here.

FERRIS
Better than Russia?

DRIVER
Much better here than in Russia.

FERRIS
Clearly you've never been to an American high school.

Ferris sits back. He puts his arm around Sloane.

CAMERON
It's getting late, Ferris. I have to get the car home. I know you don't care, but it means my ass.

FERRIS
You think I don't care?

CAMERON
I know you don't care.

FERRIS
That hurts, Cameron.

SLOANE
Step back, Ferris, Cameron's been a good sport.

FERRIS
Cameron, what'd you see today?

Cameron looks at him.

FERRIS
You saw four states, a submarine, babies in a jar, a giant heart, seventy five dollars worth of cooked pancreas, two of the most incredible breasts ever to come out of modern plastics major league baseball and...
(quizical look)
Are you gonna yack-up your nachos?

Cameron's staring past Ferris. He's frozen. Ferris realizes he's looking at something out the window. He turns. He freezes.

HIS POV

In the gridlock traffic, their cab is squeezed tight alongside another cab. In that cab is Tom. He's about a foot from Ferris. He turns and looks right into CAMERA.

TOM'S POV

Ferris' frozen face.

FERRIS' POV

Tom glances back at his paper. He pauses. Looks up. Thinks. Turns back to CAMERA.

TOM'S POV

Sloane is sitting where Ferris was. She's wearing sunglasses, looking bored. She turns and glances out the window. Fakes a yawn.

HER POV

Tom stares at her. He's baffled. He looks away.

INT. CAB. FLOOR

Cameron and Ferris are on the floor. On their asses, with their backs to the back of the front seat, feet up on the seat.

DRIVER
What's the problem?

FERRIS
KGB.
(to Sloane
What's he doing?

SLOANE
(revolted)
He's looking at me and he's licking the glass and making obscene gestures with his hands.

FERRIS
What?!

Sloane bursts out laughing.

SLOANE
Roast!

She licks her finger and touches Ferris knee. She makes a sizzling sound. She collapes on the seat in hysterics.

INT. TOM'S CAB

Tom's looking into Ferris' cab.

HIS POV

Sloane's bouncing up and down.

CU. TOM

He can't quite figure out what's going on. He turns and slowly raises his newspaper over his face. We see on the back of the paper a small story with the headline: COMMUNITY RALLIES AROUND SICK YOUTH.

EXT. FERRIS' HOUSE. BACKYARD. DOG

The Doberman's chewing on a shoe. Tearing it apart.

EXT. BACKYARD. ROONEY

He's standing outside the fence. He's missing a shoe. His suit pants are torn from the crotch to the knee. His suit coat pocket is torn off. His hair's messed and there're grass-stains on his knees and elbows. He's looking in at the dog.

ROONEY
That's a $28.00 dress shoe, you worthless mutt!

HIS POV

The Doberman leaps at CAMERA.

EXT. CITY STREET

Ferris is leading the way down Michigan Avenue. He's hustling through the crowd. He has Sloane by the hand. She's jogging to keep up. Cameron's a few steps behind. He keeps bumping into people.

CAMERON
Where are we going?!

FERRIS
Oz!

He and Sloane make the turn at Wacker Drive and disappear into the Stone Container Building. Cameron stops. He's pissed.

CAMERON
What're we doing?!

EXT. HOUSE. FRONT

A florist truck pulls up in front of the house. A DELIVERY MAN gets out with a huge floral arrangement. He heads up to the house.

EXT. HOUSE. PORCH

Rooney's sitting on the porch patting a bloody knee with his handkerchief. The delivery man hops up on the steps. Rooney looks up at him. He greets Rooney cheerily.

DELIVERY MAN
Howdy!

He presses the doorbell. A beat and we hear Ferris' recording.

FERRIS' VOICE
Who is it?

The Deliver Man presses the intercom.

DELIVERY MAN
Focus on Flowers. I have a delivery.

FERRIS' VOICE
I'm sorry but I can't come to the door right now. I'm very ill and I'm afraid...

ROONEY
It's a recording, asshole.

DELIVERY MAN
What's your problem?

ROONEY
He's one of my students.

DELIVERY MAN
Little bugger's dying.

ROONEY
What?

FERRIS' VOICE
...that in my weakened condition, I could take a nasty spill and subject myself to further school absences...
(pause)
You can reach my parents at their places of business. Thank you for stopping by. I appreciate your concern for my well-being. It will be remembered long after this illness has passed.

DELIVERY MAN
As I heard it from our mailman he was supposedly born with only half a kidney.

FERRIS' VOICE
Have a nice day.

DELIVERY MAN
(to the intercom)
Thank you.
(continues)
I don't know the details. But my boss had to send to Milwaukee to get more orchids. He's very popular.

Rooney is flabbergasted.

DELIVERY MAN
Nobody's home here?

ROONEY
No.

DELVIERY MAN
You gonna be around for awhile?

ROONEY
I imagine so.

DELIVERY MAN
You wanna keep an eye on these?

Rooney looks at the flowers. Then he looks at the Delivery Man.

DELIVERY MAN
I have to get back to the shop. Those orchids should be in from Milwaukee any minute. I'll be coming back here with half a truckload. At least. Judging from the orders so far.
(happy sigh)
It really touches me that so many people are rallying behind this guy. I guess there's hope for the human race afterall.

He hands the arrangement to Rooney.

DELVIERY MAN
Gotta run.

He bounds off the porch and trots to his truck. Rooney looks incredulously at the arrangement. He opens the attached card.

ROONEY
(defeated)
Oh, Christ...

CU. CARD

It's signed:

ALL OUR BEST FOR A SPEEDY RECOVERY
THE ENGLISH DEPT. FACULTY AND STAFF

INT. RADIO STATION STUDIO

The number one afternoon FM rock'n roll D.J. is sitting behind his microphone.

D.J.
I don't know who that was or what they were playing but I apologize for it nonetheless.
(pause)
I have a guest with me today...

INT. STUDIO. FERRIS

He puts his headphones on.

EXT. FERRIS' HOUSE

Jeanie's car pulls in the driveway. We hear her car radio.

D.J.
His name is Ferris Mueller.

FERRIS
Bueller. Ferris Bueller.

INT. CAR. JEANIE

She goes into shock. Her eyes blink, her head cocks.

D.J.
Sorry about that.

FERRIS
It's cool.

Jeanie draws back and punches out her radio.

CU. CAR ANTENNA

The impact her blow to the radio shoots the antenna in the air.

INT. STUDIO

Ferris leans forward and adjusts the microphone.

D.J.
Let's hear your story.

Ferris turns to CAMERA.

FERRIS
I'm going to tell a massive lie here. It's going to be very thick and very steamy. I think radio's a facinating medium, it challenges the imagination. Unlike television which provides the images, radio...
(pause)
You know this. Anyway, it's always been a dream of mine to be on the radio. I have what I consider to be an excellent broadcast voice. I practise it in the bathroom all the time. I used to play records and do introductions to them. But I've never had the chance to sit behind a microphone and try it out for real. This is about a 50,000 watt outlet. That's big. I'm going out to several million people so let me just say, I'm feeling a very easy groove right now.
(clears his voice, speaks into the mike, affects a "radio" voice)
Well, Steve, you and your listeners are probably not going to believe this but...

INT. SCHOOL

A group of kids are sitting around a blaster.

FERRIS' VOICE
...I'm the first Chicago area youth to be selected to participate in a space shuttle mission.

Ferris turns from the mike to CAMERA.

FERRIS
I was going to say I knew Springsteen's home phone number and I was going to give out the number of the New Jersey State Police but I thought I might get busted. After I got flunked in driver's ed for sideswiping a mail box, which was not in any way, shape or form my fault. I was putting out a cigarette, like I was told...

FERRIS (CONT'D)
...It was weird. I'm so used to getting in a car and lighting up, because I'm not allowed to smoke at home, that I got in the driver's ed. car and spaced completely, pulled out of the lot, lit up a 'boro and Mrs. Heller looked at me like I'd just pulled a bunny out of my nose or something and I realized what the hell I was doing and I went to put it out and hit the mail box. Anyway, I was so pissed off at her reaction to the whole thing that I considered running an ad in a sleaze magazine for a school teacher that does phone sex and I was gonna use Mrs. Heller's home number but it cost too much. I took it again and passed. But I had to work at Burger King to get the cash to pay for the driver's ed. car. The car got fixed in auto shop for nothing and I think Rooney pocketed the cash. But I can't prove it. I'm in high school, remember?

He turns back to the DJ.

D.J.
How did you get picked for this?

FERRIS
It's kind of a long story but I've been doing alot of programming for NASA.

INT. SCHOOL. HALLWAY

A even larger group of kids is listening to the blaster. They're cheering him on.

EXT. FERRIS' HOUSE. BACKYARD

The Doberman is laying unconscious on the lawn. The flower arrangement is scattered all over the yard and the ceramic vase the flowers were in has obviously struck the dog. The broken pieces are all around the dog's head.

EXT. FERRIS HOUSE. BACKYARD. ROONEY

He's smiling with great satisfaction.

ROONEY
Sleep tight, pooch.

He hears something in the house. His head snaps around. He drops down and peeks in the window.

HIS POV

A glimpse of a fleeting figure.

CU. ROONEY

His eyes dance in anticipation of revenge.

INT. HOUSE. FERRIS' ROOM

Jeanie kicks the door open. The yardstick flings the covers and the pillows beneath them in the air. She stomps in and turns off the snoring synthesizer.

JEANIE
I knew it!

She crosses to the bed, grabs the phone and sits down. She dials a number.

EXT. HOUSE. FRONT

Rooney sneaks around the side of the house. He slinks up on the porch. The front door's open. He peeks in.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

Jeanie's on the phone.

JEANIE
Is Mrs. Bueller there, please?
(listens)
Where is she?
(listens)
This is her daughter. Do you know where the house she's showing is?
(listens)
Do you know when she'll be back?
(listens)
Do you know <u>anything</u>?

She slams the phone down.

JEANIE
The worm has luck like clams have body odor...

She's startled by a noise downstairs. A smile spreads across her face. He's back and she's going to nail him.

INT. HOUSE. FOYER

Rooney sneaks into the house. He looks around the foyer and heads into the kitchen.

INT. HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jeanie tiptoes down the stairs.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN

Rooney sneaks through the kitchen into the den.

INT. HOUSE. FOYER

Jeanie comes down the stairs into the foyer.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN

Rooney comes out of the den, back into the kitchen. He crosses back toward the foyer.

INT. FOYER

Jeanie sneaks into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Jeanie and Rooney come face-to-face. Jeanie squeals in horror. She doesn't recognize Rooney as himself but as an intruder. She slugs him in the face and runs upstairs. Rooney goes down.

INT. CAR

Boyd is sitting in the backseat of Joyce's car listening to the radio.

FERRIS' VOICE
My input on the Star Wars defense plan was pretty substantial so I guess this is their way of rewarding me. I'm pretty flattered.

EXT. CAR

Joyce and her clients leave a show house and head toward the car.

INT. CAR

The bored kid in the backseat looks out the window as his parents and Joyce approach.

D.J.
Can you stay around and take a few phone calls?

FERRIS
I'd really like to but I have a kidney operation in about an hour.

EXT. CAR

Joyce and the clients take one last look at the house.

JOYCE
If you're willing to commit a little time and a little money to this place, you can really have something to be proud of. Don't let the orange kitchen throw you off.

She opens the car door.

INT. CAR

The door opens.

D.J.
I wish you the best of luck.

FERRIS
Thanks, Tommy.

D.J.
A very interesting guy, Ferris Bueller.

Joyce gets in. The clients get in the other side. A song starts.

JOYCE
(to the kid)
Well, Boyd, how are you bearing up?

The kid stares at her.

JOYCE
Did I tell you I have a son your age?

BOYD
Twice.

JOYCE
His name is Ferris. I think you'd like him.

Boyd sits up in the seat at the mention of Ferris' name.

BOYD
Is he going up in the space shuttle in September?

Joyce looks around at Boyd. She gives him a curious look.

JOYCE
Not that I know of.

BOYD
I knew he was bullshitting.

MOTHER
Watch your mouth.

BOYD
How do you watch your mouth?

JOYCE
Do you know my son?

FATHER
Don't pay any attention to him. He thinks it's cute to bait adults.

BOYD
I don't think it's cute. I think it's fun.

Joyce gives him a puzzled smile and starts the car.

EXT. DOWNTOWN. STREET

Ferris, Cameron and Sloane are walking down a busy Loop street.

CAMERON
I seriously can't believe you actually went on the radio. Do you know how many people heard you? For sure you're nailed.

FERRIS
Who would believe that I was on the radio? Who the hell am I? Besides, whoever would nail me doesn't listen to that sation.

CAMERON
My mother does.

FERRIS
I'm not worried about your mother.

CAMERON

I am.

FERRIS

You weren't on. Relax.

SLOANE

I thought it was great.

They turn into the parking garage they left the car at and walk up to the pay window. Ferris hands the parking stub to the cashier. Behind them the Mercedes cruises in. The split second after the car passes, Ferris, Cameron and Sloane turn from the window.

FERRIS

Did you like the song I dedicated to you?

SLOANE

No.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

Jeanie's on the phone. She's in a panic.

JEANIE

This is not a phoney phone call. There's an intruder, male caucasian, possibly armed, certainly weird, in our kitchen.
(pause)
My name is Bueller.

There's another pause. Jeanie's face drops.

JEANIE

It's real nice that you hope my brother's feeling better but I'm in danger, okay? I'm very cute, I'm very alone and I'm very protective of my body. I'd rather not have it violated or killed. I need help!

INT. KITCHEN

Rooney's plugging his bloody nose with paper towel. The intercom goes on.

JEANIE'S VOICE

Excuse me. If whoever's in the house is still in the house, I'd like you to know that I have just called the police. If you have any brains whatsoever, you'll get your ass out of my house real quick.

Rooney stiffens with fear.

JEANIE'S VOICE
I'd also like to add that I have my father's gun. And herpes.

EXT. STREET

Rooney's car is hooked to a tow truck. It's parked in front of a fire hydrant and the windshield is decorated with parking citations. In the distance SIRENS WAIL.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The three are waiting for the Mercedes. We HEAR TIRES SQUEALING, AN ENGINE REVING-OUT. Then the Mercedes pulls down the ramp and jams to a frightening stop. A BLACK GUY jumps out. Ferris hands him the parking stub.

FERRIS
Just out of curiosity, what was your top speed coming down the ramp?

BLACK GUY
(matter-of-fact)
About 60.

FERRIS
Beautiful!

He hands him a buck and opens the door and pulls the passenger seat forward for Cameron.

FERRIS
This is probably the last time you'll have to ride back here. Keep that in mind.

Cameron gives him a look and squeezes in.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET

The Mercedes cruises through traffic.

INT. MERCEDES

Sloane's in the passenger seat. Ferris is driving and Cameron is crammed in the back.

SLOANE
What's next.

CAMERON
Nothing. We return the car.

SLOANE
We could go to my house. My parents aren't coming home until late.

FERRIS
We have enough cash left for a quick flight to Peoria and back.

CAMERON
Very funny.

Ferris looks in the mirror and changes lanes. He glances down at the speedometer, then to the road. And back to the speedometer.

FERRIS
Cameron? How many miles did you say this thing had when we left?

CAMERON
One hundred and twenty six and halfway between three and four tenths. Why? How many miles are on it now?

He glances down at the speedometer.

CU. SPEEDOMETER

The odometer reads 332.7.

FERRIS
(to CAMERA)
Here's where Cameron goes berserk.

EXT. TRAFFIC

The Mercedes pulls up at a stop light. We HEAR A THUNDERING, MUFFLED SCREAM.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY

The Mercedes is buzzing through traffic.

INT. MERCEDES

Cameron's in tears. Sloane turns in her seat and looks at Cameron. Her gesture is one of genuine support.

TANDY
You okay?

CU. CAMERON

His eyes are frozen in a mindless, vacant stare.

CU. FERRIS

He looks at Sloane. He's concerned. Genuine concern. The first time we've seen Ferris confronted with a situation he didn't anticipate.

CU. SLOANE

She shrugs at Ferris and looks back at Cameron.

CU. FERRIS

He gestures back to Cameron.

FERRIS
Hey, Cameron. It's okay. We'll fix it.

CU. CAMERON

He's still holding the stare. He starts to breathe heavily. He's trembling.

CU. SLOANE

She whips around in the seat and grabs his arms.

SLOANE
Cameron! Cut it out! What's wrong?! Ferris!

CU. FERRIS

He shoots Sloane a look.

FERRIS
Cameron, are you okay? It's no problem, really. Your old man won't know a thing. It's completely fixable.

INT. MERCEDES

Sloane fires an angry look at Ferris.

SLOANE
Shut-up! It <u>is</u> a problem! For <u>him</u> it's a problem. Nothing's a problem for <u>you</u>. But it's a problem for him! So, just shut-up.

She turns back to Cameron.

SLOANE
What can I do, Cameron?

CU. FERRIS

Eyes front. He's scared.

CU. CAMERON

He's grinding his teeth. His eyes are wild with panic.

INT. FERRIS' HOUSE. FOYER

The doorbell rings. The Ferris' tape is activated.

FERRIS VOICE
Who is it?

We hear a MALE VOICE over the intercom.

VOICE
Anybody home?

FERRIS' VOICE
I'm sorry that I can't come to the door right now...

The tape continues as Jeanie hurtles down the stairs.

JEANIE
I'm saved! Thank you, God! Thank you, thank you, thank you!

She jumps the last few stairs and slides to the front door. She whips it open.

EXT. HOUSE. FRONT DOOR

The door swings open.

JEANIE
Thank...you...

Her jaw goes slack. She blinks her eyes.

HER POV

The Delivery Man and a young ASSISTANT are standing at the door with floral arrangements. Spread all around them are more flowers. A sexy singing NURSE and a BALLOON MAN steps up on the porch.

DELIVERY MAN
Delivery for Ferris Bueller.

NURSE
(sings)
WE HOPE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER
WE HOPE YOU'RE FIT
WE...

The door slams shut.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET

Rooney's walking down the street. A school bus is crawling alongside him as kids hang out the windows. From inside we hear SHOUTING and seventeen different SONGS PLAYING ON BLASTERS. A top forty montage.

KID
Hey, Mr. Rooney! What're you doing?

Rooney doesn't respond.

ANOTHER KID
Did you get in a fight?

Rooney keeps walking. The bus doors open. The DRIVER calls out to him.

DRIVER
You want a lift?

Rooney takes a few more steps. He stops. The bus stops. Rooney takes a deep breath. He climbs aboard the bus.

INT. BUS

The bus is jammed with WONKS and WEINERETTES. The passengers are silent as they watch Rooney shuffle down the aisle and take an empty seat next to a skinny, myopic GIRL.

CU. GIRL

She looks at Rooney and smiles. She pushes her Coke bottle glasses up on her nose.

CU. ROONEY

He looks vacantly at her.

CU. GIRL

She holds her smile.

GIRL
I'll bet you never smelled a
real school bus before.

CU. ROONEY

He stares at her.

CU. GIRL

She holds up a candy package.

GIRL
Gummi Bear?

CU. ROONEY

He stares at her.

CU. GIRL

She puts one in her mouth.

GIRL
They've been in my pocket. They're real soft and warm.

CU. BOY

A rotund FRESHMAN BOY sitting across from Rooney is staring at him.

CU. ROONEY

He looks across at the kid.

CU. BOY

He leans forward.

FRESHMAN BOY
It's kind of like being in the belly of the beast isn't it?

CU. ROONEY

He turns his eyes to the front. The bus jerks and pulls away.

EXT. BUS

It grinds through the gears as it heads down the quiet street. The BLASTERS go back on, the SHOUTING RESUMES.

EXT. FOREST PRESERVE

The Mercedes is parked in a suburban forest preserve. Cameron's laying on a picnic table. Sloane's sitting beside him on the table. She's stroking his hair. Ferris WALKS INTO

THE FOREGROUND. He addresses CAMERA.

FERRIS
This may very well be for real. I think Cameron might have blown a micro-chip or two. He's always been a little keyed-up anyway. This is not something I'd planned on. All I wanted to do was give him a good day. No, I'm serious. We're gonna graduate in a couple of months. Then we have the summer. He'll work and I'll work. And we'll see each other at night and on the weekends but then he'll go to one school and I'll go to another. And basically that'll be it. As much as we like each other, the process of growing up will separate us.

He begins to walk. We follow him.

FERRIS
Sloane's a bigger problem. She still has another year of high school. How do I deal with that? It's going to break us up. I was serious when I said I'd marry her. I would. And it's not just teenage infatuation. That's what my parents call it. What do they call what they have? If that's love, I'll take infatuation.

CU. CAMERON

His eyes are closed. Sloane's stroking his hair.

FERRIS (VO)
Cameron's never been in love. At least no one's ever been in love with him. I know what's gonna happen to him. He's gonna marry the first girl he lays. And she's gonna treat him like shit because he's gonna be such a kiss ass because she's given him something he's built-up in his mind as the end-all, be-all of human existance. She won't respect him because you can't respect someone who kisses your ass. It just doesn't work.

CU. SLOANE

She's studying Cameron's face. She looks away.

SLOANE

Ferris?

CU. FERRIS

He looks to the picnic table. Then back to CAMERA.

FERRIS

I'm being tested here.

He starts back to the picnic table.

FERRIS

My best friend has flipped-out. Conventional wisdom would suggest a visit to the nearest trauma center. I wouldn't fault anybody for doing that. Me, personally, I think this calls for something new, something bold, something wet and wild.

CU. JACUZZI JET

UNDERWATER SHOT. A hydrojet spews a gush of air bubbles.

CU. BLASTER

A finger pushes the PLAY button on the cassette. MUSIC COMES UP.

CU. BEER CAN LID

The finger pops a beer.

CU. OREO PACKAGE

A painted fingernail pierces the cellophane wrapper.

INT. JACUZZI

Ferris and Sloane are sitting in Tandy's backyard. In her parents' hot tub. Their clothes are tossed around the deck. Cameron's been placed in a patio chair at the edge of the sunken jaccuzi. He's still semi-catatonic. Ferris is drinking a beer. Sloane's eating Oreos.

FERRIS

You feeling any better, Cameron?

SLOANE

The water's really nice. I wish you'd come in.

CU. CAMERON

His eyes are closed.

CU. SLOANE AND FERRIS

They look at each other. She offers him a cookie. He offers her his beer.

FERRIS
Cameron? Do you think this because of the car or is it a combination of everything shitty in your life?

CU. CAMERON

He doesn't respond.

CU. SLOANE AND FERRIS

Sloane sips the beer.

FERRIS
You just can't deal with anymore shit? The car took you into the red zone?

SLOANE
Cameron? I could flip real easy, too. There's nothing wrong with it. At one time or another, everybody goes to the zoo. Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison, Sid Vicious...

Ferris holds up his hand for her to stop. She's naming off dead people.

SLOANE
But you're not a musician. So it'll be much easier to snap out of it.
(to Ferris)
Convincing?

FERRIS
(smiles)
No.

SLOANE
Sorry, Cameron.

FERRIS
Maybe he was actually sick. Maybe he wasn't bullshitting himself.

Sloane looks at Cameron.

CU. CAMERON

He opens his eyes.

CU. SLOANE

She leans forward and stares at Cameron.

CU. FERRIS

He cocks his head, wondering what Cameron's up to.

CU. CAMERON

He keels over forward.

EXT. BACKYARD

Cameron falls out of the chair and splashes down, face-first, into the water. Sloane screams. Ferris leaps for him. He grabs him and pulls him out of the water.

FERRIS

CAMERON!

CU. CAMERON

His eyes are closed. He's lifeless.

CU. FERRIS

His face is a mask of terror. He shakes Cameron.

CU. SLOANE

She's screaming.

CU. CAMERON

A smile spreads across his face.

CU. FERRIS

He sees the smile. He stops shaking Cameron.

EXT. JACUZZI

Ferris and Cameron are looking at each other. Sloane's still screaming. She realizes that Cameron's okay. She stops screaming.

SLOANE

What?

FERRIS
(Cameron)
You asshole!

Cameron's smiling.

SLOANE
What?

Ferris starts to laugh. Cameron explodes with laughter. Sloane's bewildered.

SLOANE
What's so funny?

EXT. POLICE STATION

A suburban police station.

INT. POLICE STATION. OFFICE

Jeanie's sitting in a small office. Across a grey, steel desk is a juvenile OFFICER.

OFFICER
I'm afraid that until we contact your parents, you'll have to stay here.

Jeanie's incredulous. She can't believe that things have turned out as they have.

OFFICER
You're a little old for this kind of nonsense, aren't you? Why would an attractive, young girl like yourself pull a childish stunt like this?

Jeanie stares at him.

OFFICER
I'm sure the high school's going to want to know why you weren't in school today.

Jeanie looks up at the ceiling lights and shakes her head in disbelief.

EXT. SCHOOL

It's late in the afternoon. School's long over.

INT. ACTIVITIES HALLWAY

LONG SHOT. Rooney's standing at the far end of the hallway. He's staring at the wall.

CU. POSTER

It's a homemade sign soliciting donations to medical fund for Ferris.

CU. ROONEY

He reads the sign. He's a defeated man. He looks down.

HIS POV

A table with a cash box, chained to one of the legs. It's bulging with money.

CU. ROONEY

He stares at the cash box. He slowly reaches into his coat pocket. He pulls out his wallet, opens it and draws out a bill.

CU. CASH BOX

Rooney stuffs a twenty into the cash box.

INT. SCHOOL. HALLWAY

Rooney spreads his arms in resignation. He turns and heads down the long, lonely hallway.

INT. POLICE STATION. WAITING ROOM

Jeanie's sitting on a wooden bench with a WASTED TEENAGE BOY in a Triumph t-shirt, long hair, torn jeans, creepers, studs and chains. He's studying her.

BOY
Drugs?

JEANIE
No, thank you. I'm straight.

BOY
I meant, are you here for drugs?

Jeanie stares at him.

JEANIE
Why are you here?

BOY

Drugs.

JEANIE

I don't know why I'm here.

BOY

Then why don't you go home?

JEANIE

Why don't you put your thumb up your ass?

The boy stares at her.

BOY

You want to talk about your problem?

JEANIE

With you? Are you serious?

BOY

Yeah, I'm serious.

JEANIE

Blow yourself.

Jeanie turns away. The boy crosses his legs. Jeanie looks back at him.

JEANIE

You really want to know what's wrong?

The boy looks at her.

JEANIE

Alright. If you've got the time, I've got the troubles. In a nutshell, I hate my brother. How's that?

BOY

That's cool. Did you shoot him or something?

JEANIE

No, not yet.

The boy nods. He understands the emotion.

JEANIE
I went home to confirm that the little shit was ditching school and when I was there, a guy broke into the house and I called the cops and they picked me up for pulling a phoney phone call.

BOY
What do you care if your brother ditches school?

Jeanie stares at the boy.

JEANIE
Why should he get to ditch school when everybody else has to go?

BOY
You could ditch.

JEANIE
I'd get caught.

BOY
So, you're pissed at him because he ditches and doesn't get caught?

JEANIE
Basically.

The boy nods knowingly.

BOY
Then your problem is you.

JEANIE
Excuse me?

BOY
Excuse you. You oughta spend a little more time dealing with yourself and a little less time worrying about what your brother does. It's just an opinion.

Jeanie stares angrily at him. Partly because he's so bold and partly because he's so right.

BOY
There's somebody you should talk to.

Jeanie stares at him threateningly.

JEANIE
If you say Ferris Bueller, you lose a testicle.

BOY
You know him?

CU. JEANIE'S HAND

It curls into a fist.

EXT. CAMERON'S HOUSE

The garage door's open. The Mercedes is back in it's place.

CU. MERCEDES TIRE

It's spinning rapidly.

CU. ACCELERATOR

A brick's resting on the accelerator, holding it down.

INT. GARAGE

Ferris, Cameron and Sloane are sitting in the garage. The Mercedes is jacked up. The wheels are turning. The engine's racing.

CAMERON
That whole time I was just thinking things over. I was like, meditating. I was thinking about the future. And I realized it doesn't make any difference if the present goes to shit.

FERRIS
I have to agree with you there.

SLOANE
Really.

CAMERON
While you guys were in the jacuzzi, I was thinking, what if you could only have the use of <u>one</u> word. What would it be?

FERRIS
Sloane is naked before your eyes and you're thinking about words?

SLOANE
God bless you, Cameron.

CAMERON
Thank you, Sloane.

CAMERON
If you guys only had one word, what would it be?

FERRIS
I can't believe you'd think up something like with a naked girl in a jacuzzi right in front of you.

SLOANE
Come on, Ferris, answer his question.

FERRIS
American cheese.

SLOANE
That's two words.

FERRIS
Bathroom.

SLOANE
I'd say...

She thinks.

FERRIS
Cash.

CAMERON
It's the only word you could ever use.

FERRIS
Hello.

SLOANE
Love.

FERRIS
And what if you loathe somebody? Are you going to say "love" every time you see them?

SLOANE
It's better than "hello".

FERRIS
Hello's generic.

SLOANE
You wanna be generic?

CAMERON
It's help.

Cameron smiles at his wisdom. Ferris and Tandy think about it. It's a good choice. Cameron gets up and walks to the Porsche.

FERRIS
What about "sex"?

Cameron peeks in the window.

CU. ODOMETER

Nothing's happening.

INT. GARAGE

Cameron sticks his head out the window.

CAMERON
Ferris? It's not working.

Ferris looks up.

CAMERON
The miles aren't coming off, running it in reverse.

FERRIS
I thought that might be a problem. Let's crack open the odometer and roll it back by hand.

Cameron shakes his head.

CAMERON
I got a better idea. It's cool.

He walks back around behind the Mercedes.

CAMERON
Seventeen years and I've never taken a stand. Now, I'm gonna do it. I'm taking a stand against my father, against my family, against myself, against my past, my present and my future. I will not sit idly by as events that affect me unfold to change the course of my life. I will take a stand and I will defend it. When my father comes home tonight, he's finally going to have to deal with me. Good or bad, I'm taking a stand.

CU. FERRIS

He turns to CAMERA.

FERRIS
This is a big U-2 fan.

CU. SLOANE

She smiles proudly at Cameron. She applauds him.

CU. CAMERON

He's serious and determined. He has made up his mind and it appears that it won't be changed by anyone but himself.

CU. TIRES

It's spinning wildly.

CU. MERCEDES BUMPER

Cameron's foot rests on the bumper. A beat and it gives a mighty shove.

CU. TIRE

The spinning tire slams down on the cement.

INT. GARAGE

Cameron has kicked the Mercedes off the jack. It squeals out of the garage in a cloud of blue tire smoke. A $50,000 unmanned investment heading backwards down a driveway.

CU. SLOANE AND FERRIS

They're in shock.

EXT. HOUSE

The Mercedes shoots down the driveway.

INT. GARAGE

Cameron watches the car go. He's strangely placcid about the impending disaster. Ferris and Sloane are bewildered.

THEIR POV

The Mercedes travels down the driveway, across the street, over the curb into the wooded property opposite the house.

CU. TREE

The Mercedes's brief journey ends as it smacks a tree trunk.

INT. GARAGE

Ferris and Sloane exchange baffled looks. They look at Cameron. He's proud and bold.

FERRIS
What was that about?

SLOANE
This has to be a dream.

FERRIS
Cameron? One quick question.
Why'd you do that?

Cameron holds his proud posture for a beat. Then a look of bewilderment comes over his face. He shoots a look to Ferris. A puzzled look.

FERRIS
You trashed the car.

Cameron looks across the street.

SLOANE
Why?

CAMERON
I took a stand.

FERRIS
No, Cameron. You wrecked a car.

Cameron thinks for a moment. Then he regains his confidence.

CAMERON
It's okay.

Ferris looks across the street at the car.

FERRIS
I have an idea. If you're interested.

Cameron looks at him. He shakes his head.

CAMERON
I'm gonna handle it.

FERRIS
I think this could work.

CAMERON
No, thanks. I want to deal with it by myself.

SLOANE
What about your one word?

CAMERON
You already did it. If I need it again, I'll use it.

He smiles. He raises an impish eyebrow.

CAMERON
It's cool. I'm loose.

INT. POLICE STATION. OFFICE

Joyce is talking with the juvenile officer. Outside the office, on the bench, we see Jeanie and the boy making out.

JOYCE
She's never been in trouble before. This is a shock to me. First, I don't know why she wasn't at school. Second, I don't know why she'd call you with this story about a rapist.

OFFICER
For whatever reasons she did it, I think she's had a good scare.

JOYCE
I hope so. I appreciate your calling me. I can assure you that her father and I will have a long talk with her.

The gathers her purse and jacket and stands.

JOYCE
Thank you.

OFFICER
Oh, by the way, I hope your son's feeling better.

Joyce looks at the officer curiously.

OFFICER
Tell him, all the guys at the station here are pulling for him.

INT. POLICE STATION. WAITING ROOM

Jeanie quickly breaks the embrace with the boy as Joyce steps out of the juvenile officer's room. She's still a little bewildered that everybody knows Ferris was ill. Jeanie wipes her lips and sits up straight. The boy adjusts his pants to better hide his passion.

JEANIE
(to the boy)
If you keep this to yourself, I think we can probably get it on pretty good.

BOY
For sure.

Jeanie stands up.

JEANIE
Hi.

JOYCE
Don't "hi" me, young lady. Get your stuff.

EXT. SLOANE'S BACKYARD

Sloane and Ferris are standing at the back fence.

SLOANE
I had a great time today.

FERRIS
Yeah. It was pretty cool.

SLOANE
You think Cameron's gonna be alright?

FERRIS
Sure. He had to do it, I guess. His old man had it coming. He'll be okay. I'd be worried if he'd taken my idea.

Sloane smiles knowingly.

SLOANE
You didn't have an idea, did you?

FERRIS
Not a glimmer.

SLOANE
You're so smart.

FERRIS
No. I'm just real loose.

He kisses her.

FERRIS
I'll call you tonight.

Sloane nods. Ferris jumps the fence and takes off across the backyards. Sloane watches him go. A huge smile spreads across her face.

SLOANE
I LOVE YOU!

She backs away from the fence. MUSIC FADES UP.

SLOANE
He's gonna marry me. I know it.

She turns and runs into the house.

EXT. BACKYARD

Ferris sprints across a backyard. He jumps a plaster elf.

EXT. ANOTHER BACKYARD

Ferris vaults a fence. He runs directly for a swimming pool. He's approaching it from the side. He leaps, hits the diving board, springs off, does a flip and lands on the grass on the other side of the pool.

EXT. JOYCE'S CAR

It goes under a railroad overpass. A freight-train is passing. Sprayed on the cars in huge letters: GET WELL SOON, FERRIS, FROM YOUR FRIENDS AT THE BURLINGTON NORTHERN.

INT. CAR

Joyce is driving. She's pissed. Jeanie's sitting next to her.

JOYCE
Do you want to tell me what's going on?

CU. JEANIE

She's staring out the window. She's thinking. A smile rubs out her scowl. The familiar impish smile we saw on her

brother. She turns to Joyce.

JEANIE
I was worried about Ferris. I couldn't study with him home so sick.

JOYCE

She looks at Jeanie with surprise.

CU. JEANIE

She lays out a little more bullshit.

JEANIE
A guy was delivering flowers to Ferris and I thought he was a burgler. I was just trying to protect my brother.

CU. JOYCE

She gives Jeanie an affectionate, forgiving look.

CU. JEANIE

She smiles sweetly in return.

CU. BEDSPREAD

Neatly bundled stacks of bills and rolled coins. A significant amount of cash.

CU. SLOANE

She's writing.

CU. PIECE OF PAPER

We see a portion of the typewritten letter as she signs it.

"...in the amount of $1,765.33. It gives us great pleasure to assist you in the performance of your worthy and much needed services to those so desparately in need.

Sincerely,

Sloane Peterson
Executive Director
The Ferris Bueller Foundation"

EXT. FERRIS' STREET

He's running down the middle of the street. A car honks. Ferris moves to the side. The car pulls around him.

INT. CAR

Tom's at the wheel. He glances in the mirror. He does a take.

HIS POV. MIRROR

We see Ferris cut across a front lawn and into a house.

CU. TOM

He realizes it couldn't be Ferris.

INT. HOUSE

Ferris runs through the kitchen, past a WOMAN, fixing dinner and out her backdoor. The Woman looks up curiously.

EXT. FERRIS' HOUSE

Tom pulls in the driveway. He parks and gets out. Joyce pulls in from the other direction.

INT. HOUSE. LAUNDRY ROOM

Ferris comes in from outside. He exits into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Kimberly and Todd are sitting at the kitchen table watching TV and eating cereal. They look up at Ferris as he comes in from outside.

TODD
Ferris? Does my head look like it's getting bigger?

Ferris leans against the counter as he tries to catch his breath. He looks at his little brother.

FERRIS
No, but Kimberly's is.

He crosses to the refrigerator and opens it.

INT. KITCHEN. KIMBERLY AND TODD

Kimberly feels her head.

KIMBERLY
(to Todd)
Is he serious?

TODD
I think so.

KIMBERLY
Oh, shit!

INT. KITCHEN. FERRIS

He takes out a bottle of orange juice out of the refrigerator and drinks straight from the bottle.

EXT. HOUSE

Joyce, Jeanie and Tom head up to the house.

INT. KITCHEN

Ferris opens a cabinet and reaches in for a handful of Oreos. He exits the kitchen as Joyce, Tom and Jeanie come in.

JOYCE
(to Todd and Kimberly)
Hi, guys.

KIMBERLY
Is my head swelling up?

INT. HOUSE. FOYER

The foyer is jammed with floral arrangements, plants and gifts. Ferris steps gingerly through the flowers and heads upstairs.

JOYCE (OC)
Ferris!

Ferris continues up stairs. He affects a sickly voice.

FERRIS
Upstairs, Mom!

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

He walks into the room, brushes the crumbs off his hands and peels off his shirt. He climbs into bed. No sooner are the covers over him than the bedroom door opens and Joyce and Tom walk in. They walk over to the bed. Joyce sits down.

JOYCE
Honey?

CU. FERRIS

The same deathly face he had in the morning. Tongue out, eyes bulging.

CU. JOYCE

She looks up at Tom.

JOYCE
He's soaking wet!

CU. TOM

He leans down and feels Ferris' head.

TOM
Ferris? How do you feel?

CU. FERRIS

Same face. He pulls in his tongue to speak.

FERRIS
(deathly gasp)
150% better, thank you.

CU. JOYCE

She's very concerned. She feels his head.

JOYCE
He still doesn't have a fever.

FERRIS
I'm much better, really. Please, don't make me stay home again. I want to go to school. I'm graduating in June and I...

TOM
Ferris. You're sick. There's no point pushing yourself and making it worse.

JOYCE
I'll make you some soup.
(to Tom)
Maybe we better not go out tonight.

CU. FERRIS

An eyebrow slowly rises.

INT. BEDROOM

Tom leans over Ferris.

TOM
Mom and I were supposed to go out with Mr. and Mrs. Cranston.

FERRIS
I'll be fine. You guys go. I can't get any rest if I know I'm screwing up your social lives.

JOYCE
Don't be silly.

FERRIS
I want you to go.

TOM
You're sure?

FERRIS
Positive.

Joyce leans over and kisses his forehead.

JOYCE
How did you get so sweet?

FERRIS
Years of practise.

TOM
Okay, pal. I'm gonna shower, I'll stop back in before we leave, huh?

FERRIS
I'll be here, Dad.

Tom pats Ferris on the rump. Joyce exits. Tom notices the foul ball Ferris caught on his nightstand. He picks it up and checks it out.

TOM
Maybe when you're feeling a little better, you and I should take the day off and go to a Cubs game.

CU. FERRIS.

The hideous face.